

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



OUR HOLY FATHER AT MASS

*The occasion here depicted is the three hundredth anniversary
of the founding of the College of Propaganda*

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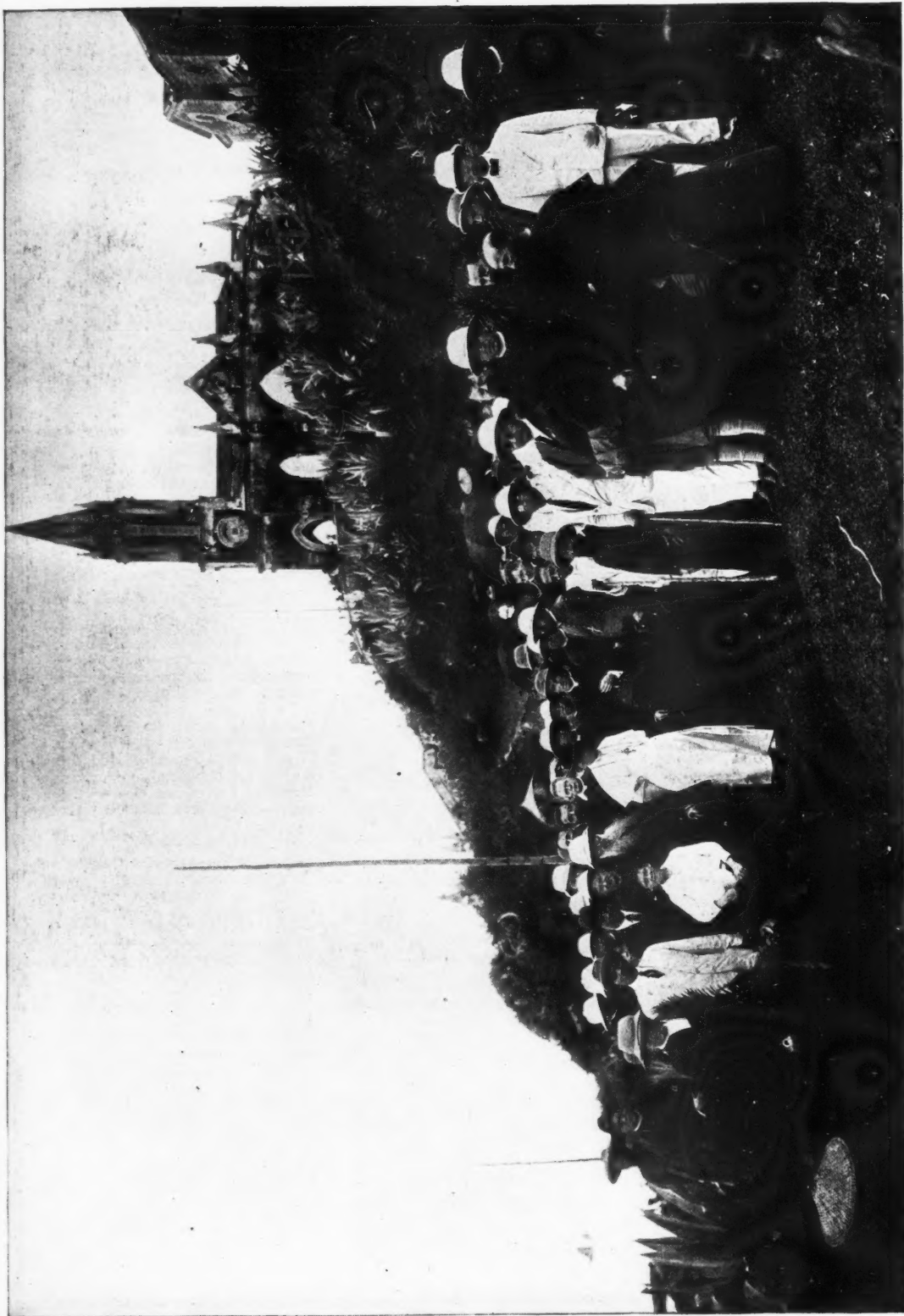


Photo from Fr. Doans

After the Consecration of Bishop Walsh on Sancian Island, May 22, 1927.

Five bishops representing as many nationalities assisted at the ceremony. The memorial church, evidently a partial ruin, on the hill slope, indicates the place where St. Francis Xavier was buried



THE FIELD AFAR

SEPTEMBER, 1927



CONSECRATION OF MARYKNOLL'S FIRST BISHOP

AN ACCOUNT PREPARED BY THE REV. ROBERT SHERIDAN, A.F.M.

BISHOP WALSH requested me to chronicle the consecration at Sancian, but I learned all too late on how large a scale the affair was being conducted.

Yeungkong and Hoingan Christians chartered boats and reached Sancian Island a few days before the ceremony; in each group there were about twenty and there were two priests on each boat. Sancian quarters were crowded to capacity, both for lay and clerical folk, but good nature prevailed and a few extra boards were crowded into narrow rooms so that all slept peacefully.

On the day before the consecration, Bishops Fourquet, Nunes, Valtorta, and Prat, O.P., of Fukien, with ten priests from Canton, Hongkong, and Macao, along with the Bishop-elect, arrived aboard a Portuguese gunboat. The rectory at Sancian was bulging before their arrival, but fourteen more guests managed to find room—some of us walked the floor most of the night, and others, after being violently "mosquitoed," had to take to walking as the only relief.

The first Mass was at three on Sunday morning, and all were over at seven o'clock. At eight o'clock, the consecration began with Bishop Fourquet the consecrating Bishop, assisted by Bishop Nunes, of Macao, and Bishop Valtorta, of Hongkong. Just as the ceremony started, the *Kinshan* arrived with pilgrims from Hongkong.

When the boat anchored in deep water, small sampans had to bring in the passengers through a miserable downpour during which many were unprotected.

The beach was not a very pleasant landing place, and leaping with high jumps was the order of the day. The water was at high tide, so that a rivulet had formed in front of the chapel, which made necessary the construction of an excuse for a bridge over which the guests had to cross. It was a real miracle that nobody (except an Ameri-

can Father) slipped into the young river. How Sisters, stout men, old women, and others, ever crossed the bridge is still a cause for wonder.

Once arrived at the chapel, the priests took up their position in a loft overlooking the sanctuary. Fr. Meyer came with a word of warning that white ants had played havoc with the beams and that there ought to be posted "No Admittance" to avoid a crash.

Bishop Walsh came near collapsing at one stage of the ceremony and had to be helped from the floor after the chanting of the litany. Fr. O'Melia carried on as Master of Ceremonies. Fr. Schmidt directed the singing, and Pakkai seminarians took care of the ceremonies.

The little chapel was packed to capacity, with hundreds unable to gain an entrance. There were Portuguese Jesuits and secular priests; French missionaries and Dominicans from Germany, America, and Spain; there were Italians of the Milan Society and sons of Don Bosco; Irish Jesuits recently arrived in Hongkong, and an Irish Vincentian. French, Irish, and Chinese Brothers were there; and what a representation of Sisters!—Japanese, Canadian, Italian, French, Chinese, and American nuns, the Chinese in largest number, it seemed.

Portuguese officers with sailors from blackest Africa vied with the local Chinese officials as the Bishop's soldier body guard; there were also hundreds of Chinese—a large number young men. Fr. Yim, a Chinese seminary professor, delivered a stirring sermon.

The ceremony over, we all had the privilege of kissing the ring of America's first son to be consecrated a Bishop.

YOUR ADDRESS

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SUPPORT A CATECHIST

op in China.

The procession to the Memorial Chapel for Benediction and the veneration of the relic of St. Francis Xavier were next in order, and along the water-soaked paths or by sampans the pilgrims wended their way. Bishop Walsh gave Benediction, after the relic had been venerated, and, just as arrangements were being made for a few hundred feet of film to be "shot," a downpour of rain started so that hurried exits were made, most of them to open boats that stood by ready to take guests to the steamboat where dinner was served.

Bishop Walsh gave a splendid talk, thanking all for their presence, especially the Bishops, and Bishop Fourquet in particular. There was visible feeling when mention of the late Bishop Gauthier was made. Bishop Walsh told of his own special love for Sancian; of how he had felt keenly his unworthiness, and for that reason wished to be consecrated at that sacred spot where he knew St. Francis Xavier would shower graces upon him.

Bishop Nunes followed with a few remarks in Portuguese, and, after toasts to the Bishops, a hurried leave-taking was in order.

As some ten priests with three Bishops were returning to the island, somebody started "Maryknoll, My Maryknoll," and what a thrill it gave to sing on those Chinese waters on such a day! Once, twice, three times, we burst out with the strains of "Maryknoll," and that chorus contained Maryknollers from every mission in South China—all but Fathers McShane,* Paschang, Ruppert, Malone, Eckstein, and Brother Martin were on hand.

The parting at the boat was the beginning of our break-up.

All boarded the Portuguese gunboat that reached Macao Monday afternoon.

* Father McShane's death was announced a few days later.

SANCIAN ISLAND PILGRIMS

(Reproduced from the "Hongkong Telegraph," May 23, 1927)

YESTERDAY'S CEREMONY

YESTERDAY'S historic pilgrimage of large numbers of Roman Catholics to St. John's Island (sacred to the memory of St. Francis Xavier, by reason of his sojourn there), for the purpose of attending the ceremony of the consecration of Bishop Walsh, of Kongmoon, is described below by one who took part in the journey. Unfortunately, the steamer trip was somewhat marred by the very inclement weather, but the impressive consecration ceremony, participated in by four Roman Catholic bishops, and the visit to the chapel wherein the tomb of the Saint rested for so many years, amply repaid all who went. Our contributor's account follows:

The unique rôle of a pilgrim ship was performed by the steamboat *Kinshan* when it left here on Saturday night with an unusually large number of passengers engaged on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Francis Xavier on St. John's Island, where, yesterday, was performed the ceremony of the consecration of Bishop Walsh, of Kongmoon. Large numbers had arrived from Canton and Macao to join in the pilgrimage, and, when late arrivals went on board a few minutes before the *Kinshan* sailed on its eighty-mile trip, it was to find the vessel packed from bridge to steerage. There was actual danger of treading on recumbent forms on deck, and we had to pick our way with care to a vacant space on the boat deck and make ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night.

THE PILGRIM SPIRIT

Throughout the night, the boat rolled and pitched in the heavy seas, but the real spirit of a pilgrim is above these trifles. Half the boat's five hundred and fifty-nine passengers were in the steerage, and a rising temperature made those of us who slept under the open sky feel for them greatly.

But we ourselves were to be reminded of the realities of the situation. Towards two in the morning, the rain poured down, and, hastily, we pulled the little square of matting I had hired from a seaman, under the shelter of the cover above the central skylight, devoutly thankful that we were spared the full force of the rain.

Dawn broke gray over a watery sea and landscape, as we threaded our way among the islands. Mass was held at six this Sunday morning in the saloon,

for the saloon passengers, and in the second-class compartment for the other pilgrims. In both cases, the service was impressive for its simple background and for the spirit of sincere invocation from the kneeling worshipers.

pilgrims who landed three hundred and seventy-five years after St. Francis Xavier, was very much like that it must have given the pioneer missionary; for the place is lonely, undeveloped, and unchanged. The small village, as we



Photo from Fr. Downs

THE RIGHT REVEREND JAMES EDWARD WALSH, D.D.

Titular Bishop of Sata and Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon, China

Fathers joined with lay people in receiving Communion, the first of the religious exercises in connection with this day.

LONELY SPOT

The impression St. John's Island (or Sancian as it is also called) gave to us

came on it later, wallowing in the mud produced by incessant rain, is extremely primitive. The village blockhouse still stands sentinel at one end, and this, with church edifices, built at a later date, are landmarks for visitors coming into the bay. The ceremony was held in what was called the "main"

PENALIZE YOURSELF FOR DELINQUENCY

chapel at one end of the village, and was timed to commence at eight.

THE CEREMONY

Fr. James Edward Walsh, of the Maryknoll Mission, in whose vicariate of Kongmoon Sancian is included, was only thirty-six years old when he was made Bishop yesterday. It was appropriate that in view of the pioneer character of the Maryknoll Mission, the first Bishop of this organization should be consecrated at a place hallowed by the memory of the first missionary to China.

Numerous strings of firecrackers were fired after the ceremony, in the garden situated in front of the chapel.

CHAPEL VISITED

We then joined in the pilgrimage to the small chapel, which once housed the remains of St. Francis Xavier, at the other end of the bay. The way was along the hillside where the feet of previous visitors have made a rude path, leading tortuously to the tomb-chapel and to the monument with the statue of the Saint which overlooks it further up the hill. Before they left the spot, many of the pilgrims scooped up the hallowed earth and took it away in receptacles brought for the purpose.

Others of the pilgrims went into the chapel, a weather-beaten edifice, now graying with the passage of the years, where they knelt in silent meditation and prayer beside the empty tomb of St. Francis Xavier.

On a granite block, which was the tombstone erected over the original grave, native converts have inscribed this epitaph:

Here lies a Jesuit Father from the West. He died and went to heaven in the thirty-first year of the reign of King Ka Tsing of the Great Ming Dynasty. This stone is erected in his memory by the general body of Chinese Christians

The date shows that this stone was put up in the year 1639.

NEW BISHOP'S THANKS

The S.S. *Kinshan* left Sancian at three in the afternoon with the returning pilgrims. At a tiffin aboard before transferring to the *Patria* to return to his new diocese, Bishop Walsh acknowledged with gratitude the indebtedness of the Maryknoll Mission to the zeal and fatherly care of Bishop Fourquet, who had helped the work of the Maryknoll Mission in its initial phase in China.

Bishop Walsh also thanked Bishop Nunes and Bishop Prat, and, with regard to Bishop Valtorta, of Hongkong,

he said he knew the latter would prefer to eat rice with his Chinese converts than to assist at banquets. (Laughter)

Bishop Nunes of Macao, in a spirited address in English, French, and Portuguese, complimented Bishop Walsh, and in the name of the Portuguese Colony, wished him many years of successful work.

The S.S. *Kinshan* returned to Hongkong soon after midnight.

The pilgrimage was organized by Fr. Cairns, of the Maryknoll Mission, and he is to be congratulated for successfully carrying through the task of taking care of over five hundred and fifty pilgrims and attending to the numerous details which the nature of the undertaking entailed.

THE FRATERNAL WORD

WE WISH to acknowledge kind words of congratulation and good wishes as also—most important—assurance of prayers from many friends in favor of our first bishop, the Rt. Rev. James Edward Walsh, of Kongmoon, China. Among these letters was this from China itself:

Dear Father Walsh:

A recent paper gives the glad news of the appointment of Monsignor Walsh as vicar apostolic. Allow me to extend my sincerest congratulations on this signal honor. I say signal honor because although proofs were not lacking before, this is the crowning of Rome's approval of your noble work. God grant this is the beginning of a long list of Maryknoll's sons who will

hold high the torch of faith in these "Celestial Hills."

We are passing through troublesome times, but Maryknoll has proved and is proving to the missionary world the truth of Cardinal Van Rossum's words to you, "Maryknoll is the glory of the American Church." Well, I could change those words into, "Maryknoll is the glory of the Chinese Church." Maryknoll began here in a most difficult field and in most difficult times. Your men have been tried in many ways, and despite it all there has been success.

Maryknoll has always been dear to me. I have followed its work closely from my scholastic days. Now that we are in the field, we are neighbors—Fr. Ford's mission touches our vicariate. I'm afraid that this good Father will be inclined to bring suit against us for stealing his Christians. We have about fifteen hundred or more who have come from Hingning and Kaying. Every year sees an increase in the number.

Our largest mission, a parish of three thousand or more, is made up of Christians whose fathers came some years ago from Kaying. These Hakka Christians have the faith and have it strong. It is real "Irish" faith as seen in their respect for the priest and also in their support of the Church. Fr. O'Shea is pastor there and never tires speaking of their devotion. Only twenty years ago, one of our Fathers and a great number of the people were massacred for the faith.

Here, for the moment, we are in comparative peace. I say comparative peace, if you can call such the fact when you have some five hundred Bolshevik soldiers quartered in the resi-

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dence. They have been our "guests" (sic!) since mid-January, and have no appearance of going. Our church has become a Bolshevik propaganda hall. The American Sisters of Charity also have a number quartered in their hospital.

Since December, I have been an orphan, as my mission was raided and completely sacked by the Bolsheviks. At present, I'm pleased to report that the four walls are at least left standing. Things are not much brighter in that corner of the vicariate; so I cannot return.

May God guard and preserve the First Vicar Apostolic of Maryknoll *ad multos annos!*

Jesus Christ has shown us the value of man's soul, for which He shed His Precious Blood in such awful agony, and when He tells us to love our fellow-men He wishes us to love their souls and to show our love practically by helping them to get to heaven. We cannot shrug our shoulders and say: "I have enough to do to save my own soul. Let them save themselves!" Such is not the Christian's response to the cry of Our Lord on the Cross when His Heart was thirsting for all the souls of the world. A true Christian must be an apostle.

—Fr. Corbett, S. J.

Bishop Gauthier

I MET him first at Canton. His personality was not what most people would call engaging, but to me he was the embodiment of an ideal seasoned missionary—a pioneer, one who had walked long distances, living his priestly apostolic life away from smaller comforts and among a strange people whom he had learned to love.

And I was pleased indeed when the good bishop who fathered young Maryknoll-in-China delegated this shy man to be my guide in a territory which he knew so well. Together we made a trip that will live always in my memory. It was full of incident that was commonplace to my guide, but very helpful and new to me.

Ten months later, the first group of Maryknoll missionaries

went into the Province of Kwangtung under escort of the same guide who remained constantly with them, directing their first steps and so winning their regard that they were loath to have him leave when the time had come for them to walk alone in those distant fields.

I never thought of Fr. Gauthier as a bishop, not that he lacked the qualities of soul and body suited to that dignity, but, somehow or other, I could not imagine him in purple, much less in pontifical array, with miter, crosier, gloves, and slippers; nor could I vision a ring on his weather-beaten hand.

His vicariate was a new one

and *pas grand chose* as he might well have expressed it.

I met him in China after his appointment. He was not yet consecrated, but already he was being saluted as *Monseigneur* and he had "spruced up quite a bit."

He was somewhat concerned about his new responsibilities because his priests were as poor as himself and he had long since given up hope of making contacts with "the world back home," where, after more than twenty-five years of absence, he was scarcely known.

After his consecration and with fuller knowledge of his needs, he



Photo from Fr. Downs

THE NEW BISHOP BLESSING THE FAITHFUL

BACK CHRIST'S ARMY

made his dutiful visit to Rome and saw again his mother country.

Then to complete the circle and arrive again at his mission, he crossed the Atlantic to New York, where Maryknollers received their elder brother with open arms. We had missed each other in Paris and in Rome, and, at this moment, I was again in China but facing eastwards.

In the meantime, the Bishop, like so many others who are without experience, had an idea that along the line of the El Dorado cross-country boulevards of "America" he would meet some wealthy Catholic whose heart could be softened and whose check book would be opened, so that he could carry back treasure for his distant field.

He did his best to learn our language and succeeded well for one of his years, but doors would not open freely and the hoped-for treasure never arrived. The Bishop gradually learned that the Church of Christ in America, as elsewhere, depends very little on the children of wealth.

He waited for our June ordinations, at which he officiated, arrayed in homemade miter, crosier, slippers, and gloves; and, with little more than enough to meet the travel expenses of his long journey, he left for his beloved China, taking a second-class passage on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

And now his brief episcopate has closed and he has found the treasure of his dreams. Word came to us through Paris of Bishop Gauthier's death from cancer, and later by letter from Hong Kong.

May Jesus have mercy on the soul of the Maryknoll missionaries' first guide!

A MESSAGE FROM THE LATE BISHOP GAUTHIER

AS this issue of THE FIELD AFAR went to the printer, a letter arrived from one of Bishop Gauthier's priests with a farewell message to the Maryknoll Superior. We are privileged to quote



AS LIFE RUNS

In this photograph (from left to right) are Fr. Walsh, now Bishop; Fr. McShane and Fr. Gauthier (later Bishop), both of whom have finished their course, and Fr. Meyer.

USQUE AD MORTEM

"I purposed, Lord, to leave all things for Thee
And for Thy sheep. But Oh! I never knew
That I should lose the consolation, too,
Of seeing souls return to Thee through me.
They do not heed my voice! The children hiss
And call me "devil" in the public street!
My labor yields no fruit; my pain, no sweet
Repose with Thee. Dost Thou ask even this?"

"Aye, even this, my son! The grain of wheat
Which falls into the ground, unless it die,
Itself remains alone. Canst thou not yield
Thy all, and follow where my bleeding feet
Have trod? Learn thou to sow in passing by
That other hands may reap the whitened field."

—M. A. C., Maryknoll.

in part:

When the beloved Bishop knew that he was fatally stricken, he charged me expressly to write to you and ask your prayers, as well as those of all the members of your Society.

"You will also tell dear Fr. Walsh," he added, "that one of the great joys of my apostolic life, is to have been chosen by Divine Providence as the guide and instructor of the pioneer missionaries of the worthy Maryknoll Society. My memories of all the Maryknoll missionaries and particularly of the pioneers have remained among the most agreeable and the dearest of my life. They have more than repaid me for any services rendered, especially since I have been placed over the mission of Pakhoi. I do not forget, either, my recent stay

at Maryknoll, where I was treated with the utmost kindness. Before appearing in the presence of Almighty God, I wish to express my deepest gratitude for all this, as also for everything done for my mission of Pakhoi whether by the Society itself or by one of its members. I desire that, after my death, the same relations should exist between Maryknoll and the Pakhoi mission. My illness prevents me from writing to Fr. Walsh. I charge you to see to it after God has called me to Himself."

Before his death, Bishop Gauthier appointed me to represent the Pakhoi mission at the consecration of Bishop Walsh. This gave the opportunity to hear the newly consecrated prelate praise my lamented Bishop. How many times Bishop Gauthier has told me what a great joy it would have been for him to consecrate the first Maryknoll bishop.

I do not doubt that he saw the consecration from heaven and that he took part in the joy of all Maryknollers and called down upon the head of the newly consecrated all the blessings of Almighty God.

The memory of the beautiful example he gave us during his whole life and especially in presence of death remains with us. He received the inevitable visitor with the same simplicity and filial abandonment to the will of God which he manifested throughout life.

You can save yourself trouble, and good Mother Maryknoll both trouble and expense, by making your subscription to this paper for life. This may be done in several payments covering two years and aggregating fifty dollars. You will, by the same act, become a perpetual associate member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, sharing, always, in life or death, in its prayers, Masses, and sacrifices.

TODAY NOT TOMORROW

Here and There

THE Catholic Medical Mission Board held its latest convention at the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York. A representative group of mission leaders met on this occasion and discussed opportunities for the development of this important mission activity.

One of the Maryknoll priests who attended the funeral of the late Bishop Gauthier was Fr. Robert Kennelly, whom Bishop Gauthier had ordained at Maryknoll in June, 1926.

Fr. Kennelly is a nephew of the late Fr. Martin Kennelly, S. J., who died last year in Shanghai after a service of more than forty years in China.

To our many religious friends and to all who relish spiritual books, we recommend the *Inner Life of the Soul*, by the late Susan Emery, a devout convert of many years and a well-known literary woman. Maryknoll is her legatee, and the profit from her book, which is published by *Longmans, Green Co.*, is being applied to a bursary in her honor.

During the scholastic year 1926-1927, *THE FIELD AFAR* was introduced into several schools by interested pastors or teachers. One school started with a few copies and called for one hundred and fifty before June arrived. In this school, an interested teacher controlled the distribution of the paper which was billed from Maryknoll at eight cents a copy and sold for ten cents—leaving a margin for special class needs. *THE FIELD AFAR* was often used during the year to illustrate classes in geography and as an example in simple narration.

The Rev. Louis L. R. Morrow, General Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society in Manila, writes a cordial word of thanks for literature forwarded by readers of *The Field Afar*.

WE direct especial attention to the missionary work of the Church. The interest manifested in the missions during the past year by the clergy and faithful of all the parishes of the Archdiocese has afforded us great consolation. Many missionaries from both the home and the foreign pagan fields have appealed to our people. The generous response given was worthy of the truly Catholic spirit which animates the faithful.

No greater sacrifice can be made for the missions than to consecrate one's whole life to them. The life, passion, and death of Christ purchased every mission field in the whole world, for all time, for the spiritual interests of souls. The cultivation of these fields has been entrusted by Our Lord Himself to His priests and their auxiliary forces. No one can assert that certain fields are to remain uncultivated without putting himself in direct opposition to Christ.

—Archbishop McNicholas

He says that thousands of magazines have been carefully distributed with salutary effect and adds:

Little by little we have been increasing our activities, and, at the present, we are unable to supply the many demands for literature. Will you kindly put a notice again in your magazine asking your readers to send us their used Catholic literature?

Address: *The Catholic Truth Society*, 1199 M. H. Del Pilar, Manila, P. I.

If you fear to stir within your boy or your girl a desire to enter the "Service of Christ," you will hesitate to introduce into your home *THE FIELD AFAR* and a shelf of Maryknoll books.

But don't hesitate.

God reaches souls through human agencies, and, if your child is called to the apostolate, you will be a much blessed parent. And should your boy or your girl not be called to this height of human effort, you will do wisely to impress on the youthful mind an ideal that will strengthen faith and charity for the struggle that lies ahead.

More Maryknoll mission stations mean more catechists, and parishes or Sunday schools or school or parish sodalities can "do a fine turn" by backing our men in the field.

From among his letters, one of the Maryknoll missionaries in China sends the following as a correspondence sample:

I am very sad and very sorry to inform you that I was resigned by you for about a month ago. I was scolded by my parents all day and night. I thought my self that it was my heavy fault and you always advised me as your son and never can I forget the attention and kindness shown me. I am very like to work in your mission, because you cared to teach me type-writing and English. Now I was dismissed and I thought and thought that I could not seek a position as best as to work in your mission.

On 4th inst., I asked for three days' leave to go up Canton to finish my grandmother's mourning; it was reluctantly for me to do so. When my grandmother's matter had been finished and I was very hapless, for I was suffered a severe cold. For the reason I could not go to bed for three nights. When I have recovered, my mother-in-law instructed me when the body is quite strength and then return back to work again and she also said that if you are sick and being late return, Father will not find fault with you. Therefore, I returned to Hongkong on 18th inst. When I called you and I am very ashamed to see you for I have often given you so much trouble by being late and behind-hand. I did not know what mischief the habit might lead to till you pointed it out to me, and for the future I will endeavor to be more punctual, and to show you that I am sensible of my fault, and obedient to your wishes.

A WARNING ABOUT STAMPS

Canceled stamps *should not be sent to the missions*, because they cannot be disposed of in the mission lands.

The market for them is right here in our own country, and buyers who pay for common stamps by the pound look for their profit in waste paper and in an occasional rare stamp which their hawk-eyes discover among hundreds.

A Maryknoll missionary reports that he has lost almost twenty-five dollars by being obliged to pay extra postage for packages which, to his dismay, he found to contain common stamps that could only serve as fuel.

The Field Afar for life, \$50

MAKE CHRIST LOVED

In a Bad Hotel

(Reflections of the Kongmoon Bishop)

LIFE is only a night in a bad hotel, according to St. Teresa. If so, why make all the fuss about it?

Have you ever been in a bad hotel? It is not an uncommon experience even in modern America, and the modes of reacting to it are familiar in song and story.

Individuals are found who take it out on the management—everything is a personal affront. They consider it the worst of all possible hotels in the worst of all possible worlds. They spend the night in deep discontent, the while expressing their sentiments with great freedom—and no meaning maybe. When they leave, it is without regret on the part of anybody concerned. "A mean time was had by all," is the verdict of such guests. They are the most unpleasant and the most unpopular of mortals, and they go by the name of rebels.

Another type, less obnoxious, perhaps, without stopping to attack the philosophical foundations of the hotel, will yet rail at the inferior bed, the questionable linen, and the bad coffee, to such an extent as to establish the conviction that these things must mean a great deal to him. His soul will not rise above the meaner exigencies of life. He demands all kinds of service that is impossible to secure, and considers himself badly treated when it is not forthcoming. He is a petty person, taking the little details of existence too seriously; he earns for himself the title of a baby.

Then there is Mark Tapley. While not a saint, he has a bit of sense. He will make the best of the hotel and even calls it "jolly." It's as good as can be expected, and even better than he deserves, since he does not pretend to claim the whole earth and the fruits thereof. He takes things as they come. Our "cousins" describe him as "playing the game," while in America we simply call him a man.

THOSE whom the Lord calls to the missionary work are indeed privileged. Far from discouraging those who give evidence of a true missionary vocation, we should do everything in our power to encourage their generous aspirations; we should have some part, great or small as our means permit, in sustaining those who are chosen for the pioneer work of plowing deep the furrows in the neglected mission fields at home and abroad. Our priests and people have generously acknowledged that, since it is not their high vocation to labor personally on the missions, it is their duty to give some support to those who are so privileged.

We have laid stress upon the necessity of being especially generous to our American priests who are missionaries at home and abroad. This has touched a very responsive chord in the hearts of our people, and we wish to express our grateful appreciation of their generosity. —Archbishop McNicholas

It is a pleasure to enter a bad hotel—in China there is no other kind—with a certain missionary of our acquaintance. The worse it is, the more he beams. He likes it. Flitting around to see that others get the best of what the poor place provides is his idea. He can't wait for the servants to unpack the baggage, tries to make the beds

himself, and would cook the meal if he were allowed. He can't seem to be happy until everybody else is.

When all are snug, he takes what is left and thinks it wonderful. He doesn't listen to overmuch criticism and he has been known to defend the management. Possibly he knows there is an invisible Host there who runs another establishment in which there are many mansions.

A good missionary unconsciously provides a good commentary on St. Teresa's text. And what a glorious thing is mission life—with its many bad hotels.

PICKUPS

The Society of Mary in Japan will soon have its first native priest. We learn that the young man was recently ordained sub-deacon at Fribourg, in Switzerland, where he has been making his theological course.

Catholic missionaries in Japan evidently admire the new ruler of that important country. A well-known French ecclesiastic, writing lately on other subjects, remarks:

We have much confidence in our new Emperor. May God inspire in him the true principles of justice and peace, and may he learn to know and love our holy religion!

We were amused recently when an occasional contributor wrote that "the collections in our church cover the whole mission field."

But we could not afford to be "amused" if all of our friends were under the same delusion, because it would spell ruin for Maryknoll—as for all other mission-training houses.

The Holy Father has already expressed his anxiety to have such organizations as Maryknoll encouraged to make their individual appeals to the faithful.

Mission Aid Societies like that of the Propagation of the Faith are a great blessing and a distinct help; but however widely organized, they will never meet the full need of mission effort.



YOUR SUBSCRIPTION? WELCOME.
PERMANENT OR TRANSIENT
GUEST?

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

Maryknoll in the Mountains — Korea

By the Rev. P. J. Byrne, A.F.M.

THE Maryknoll Mission in Korea is diamond-shaped—a rhombus, Euclid would say—having a short axis running from Northwest to Southeast for one hundred and fifty miles, with about double that distance for the other line from Southwest to Northeast.

The short western boundary is washed, in vain, by the Yellow Sea; while but a few miles inland and parallel to the coast line is the main Korean railway that connects Manchuria with Japan. The narrow strip of level, arable land through which this line runs is the only part of our mission suitable for farming. All of the rest is mountainous, as a rule sparsely populated, and, save for extensive timbering operations, only now beginning to be developed.

In recent years, the Japanese government has constructed some excellent automobile roads through these mountains, leading to the principal towns, and a railway has already been started to exploit more rapidly the practically untouched natural wealth of the province.

Many years ago, the Protestants established mission centers and stations in this mountainous district; with a numerous personnel and vast resources, they were able to spare both for even these thinly settled districts. But the French Fathers, literally overwhelmed with the tremendous influx of converts during the last generation (the suddenly-ripened harvest from the seed of martyrs' blood, sown so generously but a few years before), wisely centered their limited personnel in the more populous parts of the country. The truly wonderful result, a growth in the number of Catholics from a few hundreds to ninety thousand, all in the régime of the present prelate of Seoul, the venerable and beloved Archbishop Mutel, has amply vindicated the wisdom of this course. (Archbishop Mutel, during the thirty-five years of his episcopate, has seen the registry of more than 250,000 souls received into the Church by baptism; the ordination of fifty-

seven priests; an increase in the number of churches and chapels from zero to one hundred and eighty-one. What a chapter in the apostolic story!)

When the Maryknoll Fathers first came to their Korean Mission, in 1923, they found already established in the more populous western section five parishes with resident priests, a total of sixty-seven stations, and over four thousand Catholics. Verily, as St. Patrick used to say, they found their hands full.

Fortunately, the vocabulary for confessional is not over-difficult to master, and all of the Fathers are now able to administer the sacraments to the faithful. But to become familiar with the language takes five years at least (we must except the language wizard from Donegal, Fr. Duffy, who has done it in two); fluency can be reached only in ten—so all the experienced missionaries assure us; therefore, our present difficulty in understanding and being understood by the natives will prevent our having much direct influence on them for some years to come. Through paid catechists, however, we are constantly receiving into the Church a small stream of converts; and the five original parishes have grown to nine, the latest appointees being the 1925 arrivals—Frs. Chisholm, Booth, and Craig.

While on a tour of the mountain district last year, Fr. Cassidy quite lost his heart to the natives there, a simple, unsophisticated folk, with open, winning ways indeed; and he earnestly requested an assignment in that section. He could ill be spared from the western section, where there were now over five thousand four hundred of "our own" to be HELD (far more difficult than to CATCH), but it did seem a pity to have no shepherd at all in the mountains; so the dauntless padre from Boston became the privileged one, envied by the rest, and sallied forth, with an excellent catechist who speaks Korean, Japanese, and English,

and a truly one-horse cook. Several others of the Fathers have asked for like assignments, but no more can be spared at present.

Glowing reports came from the mountain pastor, and, when he himself was returning to his mission last February, we decided to go with him to meet those dearly beloved converts of his, and get a close-up of the lay o' the land. Not a single beauty spot is there all along the western coast—our mission work in the little towns here is prosaic with brick-and-mortar cares; back in the mountains alone is to be found the "ideal" foreign mission life, with its interesting travel and constant change, its thrills and its striking consolations, the dream of every Maryknoller in the Seminary when he visions no apostolic life as humdrum as the village priest's at home. The prospect of even a brief tour in these parts was inviting indeed.

Accordingly, on Washington's Birthday, we started out, accompanied also by Fr. Hunt, who was keen to go along. These padres from the Boston archdiocese seem to incline toward mountains. The Berkshires must put it in their blood.

Three hours by train and two and a half by automobile brought us as far as we could go in one day without hiring a special bus, an unnecessary expense. We rested for the night in a Japanese inn, that demanded a high tariff in exchange for the impression that plenty of comforters supplied for plenty of food. We soon learned to spy out the more comfortable and less expensive Korean hostelrys.

After Masses in the morning, we took the automobile again for a ride of nine hours, not that the distance was so great, but that the mountains were so high. Several hours were consumed in climbing, but the scenery was oft sweet to the eye and again awful to the heart; so the delightful ordeal passed quickly and we were actually sorry when the agony was over.

This two days' journey of two hundred and thirty-six miles brought us to

the large town of Kangkei with its fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is the metropolis of the mountain district, and the Japanese have done much to develop it. Protestant missionaries from America have also made it a big center, and we noted several foreign style houses in the spacious compound, with church and schools, as well as a good-sized hospital under the charge of an American physician.

Fr. Cassidy does not live in the town itself, but one hour's walk beyond. We were greeted at the automobile station by the linguistic catechist, who has acquired much face in these parts, and a delegation of the faithful, courteous and profound with salutation and bow. After properly indignant denials that we had "suffered many hardships in coming to visit their miserable abode," we ambled forth on shank's mare. It was good to get the kinks out of our legs, and the road was a way of snowy beauty along a good-sized mountain stream.

The Korean house where Father lives at present, we found comfortable and roomy. There are four cubicles, all of a size (about twelve feet by fifteen—unusually large dimensions) and in a row: Number One is the kitchen; in Two the cook-caretaker dwells; Three is general reception room, with an altar for Mass; while Four is the pastor's own private apartment, except when it, too, is crowded with visitors as was the case that night.

After their supper all the Christians came around to see the strange birds from "down the valley." These mountaineers are mostly from a nearby village where an excellent site for a church compound has recently been secured at a very good figure. After our own supper we staged an at home and held informal reception for both the baptized and the catechumens. They were a goodly number, and the catechist reported that the next Sunday's baptisms would bring the total congregation to sixty.

The people appeared to be the same

Fifty cents will list you or yours as a Maryknoll Associate.

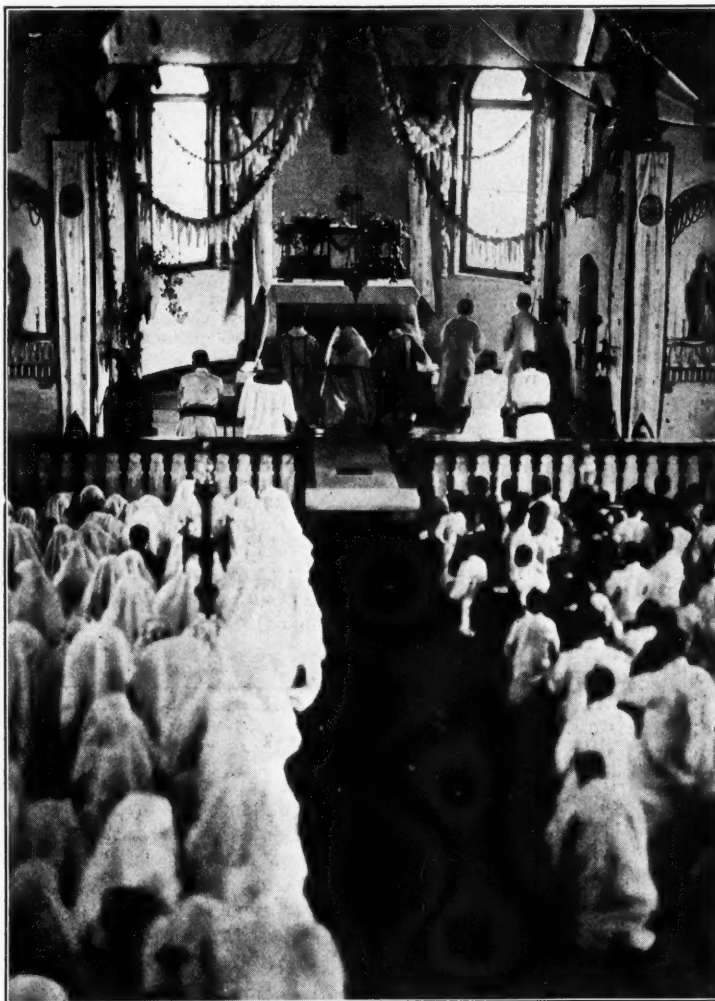
type as our farmers in the Yeng You district in the west, from which nearly all our twelve seminarians have come. Their kindly, open faces, their naïve ways, their very evident appreciation of the faith, make them a flock easy to love and pleasant to work among. Of course, they came out with the inevitable: "When are we going to have a real church?"—but we assured them their pastor had many friends in a famous archdiocese, and so they had every reason to hope . . . but in the meantime not to forget prayer.

Because Kangkei is such a large place, so accessible by automobile to the

railroad, and also because, in case of need, there is an American doctor at the nearby hospital, it seems beyond question that right here is the logical headquarters for this large mountain parish. Later on, when we have more priests, we can hope to establish other resident pastorates in the less accessible districts farther north. At the present, the most we can attempt there is the occasional visitation of mission stations.

Before leaving Kangkei, we discussed with the pastor plans for a church and house. Father Cassidy

(Continued on page 221)



AT A CEREMONY IN ST. PATRICK'S, YENG YOU, KOREA

Photo from Fr. Morris

FOR LIFE — \$50

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

WE are sure that our subscribers join all Maryknollers in offering to Maryknoll's first Bishop hearty congratulations with best wishes and prayers for a long and fruitful apostolate.

IF departures continue as in the last few years, it looks as if some or other Maryknoller, priest, Brother, or Sister, would be on the ocean always.

This year, in the present month, twenty-one will be leaving by various ports on the Pacific Coast, most of them priests destined for Korea, Manchuria, and South China; but Sisters and Brothers represent their respective communities, the Sisters, also one priest, being booked for Honolulu.

GEOGRAPHY is a lost art with this generation. Some time ago, we met a native of France who asked if, in coming to New York, the steamer passed China. Once in Europe, we were asked if New York was very near Brazil.

And lately, when the splendid return of more than a million dollars was announced for the Near East Welfare Association, we were congratulated on the chance of getting a slice.

Not a crumb, brother. We have the Far East—so near and yet so far.

"WHAT is the Church doing for the pagans in China?" he asked with a critical air.

We had met the type before; so we explained that the Church is not something apart from the individual, like a messenger boy given a commission and sent off on his bicycle; that it is made up of many individuals and depends upon them all in great measure for its development; and that the questioner, being a Catholic, was one of those responsible individuals.

He should change his question to: "What am I doing for the pagans in China?"

STURDY bark that she is, the Church pushes forward in all kinds of seas. We had just finished reading of battles in China and dark forecasts when along comes a letter from our friends the Trappists in China itself. We read:

Our new foundation is under way and the contract was signed this month. It is a great thing to open a second *Trappe* in China and we recommend the new monastery to your prayers.

From this Trappist monastery, by the way, comes the call to prayer for the conversion of China, Japan, and adjacent countries.

Again we recommend those of our readers who can see their way to give the spiritual help to communicate with the Trappist Monastery of Our Lady of Gethsemane, Kentucky.

THERE is an organization in New York that represents six secular magazines, and, in seeking subscribers, it asks the question, *Are there too many magazines?*

It answers, "No, because the magazine is a form of education."

It admits, however, that standing before a news stand today, one is dazzled by the display; and that no man can be expected to read all.

Are there too many Catholic magazines? There is room for more of the right kind, and it is well to keep in mind the fact that each has its own appeal and finds readers who otherwise would not be reached by a Catholic message.

HONOLULU!—The zealous "Picpus" Fathers who are spiritual gardeners in the Hawaiian Islands have given kindly welcome to Fr. Kress and his assistant, Bro. Philip, both from Maryknoll, as many readers know. And now pressure comes from the director of another parish and of two schools.

It has been hard to resist this pressure with calls from farther away and we have actually yielded to this request of the Bishop of Honolulu.

This opens a new field for the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic and their friends will watch this development with special interest.

BECOME an Associate Member.

CATHOLIC TEACHERS

are you looking for a way of awakening a live interest in the Orient? You would be glad if, at the same time, some knowledge could be acquired of the history of Christianity in the Far East. Maryknoll has a number of illustrated stereopticon lectures which answer both these needs. There is a Chinese proverb: One picture is worth a thousand tellings. Let us show your pupils the pagans, the little children, the newly-baptized Christians, and the missionary saints and martyrs of China, Korea, and Japan.

Address: The Maryknoll Stereopticon Bureau, Maryknoll, N. Y.

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST

BEGINNINGS are hard. The early Church seems to have been specially aided by miracles in recognition of this fact.

Most undertakings start with little or nothing. Undertakings that wait for the needed help never start at all.

Yet help should not be too long delayed. It is wanted immediately after the start. The sooner the better—for the starter.

Why wait until a venture has become a success before helping it? That is a double risk—it may not need your help or it may never become a success.

It is when a work is new and consequently struggling that your aid will count.

In religious enterprises new and needy are synonymous terms.

¶

TWO of our young missionaries, Frs. Walker and Bauer, experienced a looting process some months ago in the market city of Fachow. No harm was done to their persons, but the loot was so complete that they had to go inland farther and make shake-downs in Fr. Paschang's modest home.

We received first news of this through the courtesy of the National Catholic Welfare Conference when the following message greeted the Maryknoll Superior on his return from one of his flights:

The administrator at Kwang chowwan notified the French Consul, who, in turn, advised the American Consul General at Hong Kong, who cabled the State Department in Washington that the American Catholic Mission at Fachow has been looted and that the American Fathers are refugees at Kowchow. No casualties.

On several occasions, the National Catholic Welfare Conference has been helpful to us and we are grateful.

¶

KOREA continues its peaceful existence, and missionaries in that country have a good opportunity to strengthen foundations. The country districts are the most promising because the people in



A CHINESE CONCEPT OF THE
MADONNA AND CHILD
(Published through courtesy of the
Field Museum of Natural History)

the hinterland are as yet unspoiled by contact with modern influences that quickly manifest themselves in the large centers.

Western civilization brings evil along with good into Eastern Asia, and sometimes one wonders why the evil from the West does not smother all the good. It certainly does stifle much, but we have reason to hope that the Oriental will gradually come to know which is which; will separate the chaff from the wheat; and will find the true nourishment for his soul.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that while giving something to the Oriental, we can learn much from him. The time has passed when in our ignorance, we would look down upon the peoples of the Far East as representatives of a low order of civi-

lization, and, without recognizing their accomplishment, bemoan their miserable condition as if it were universal.

These nations, already great, or potentially so, resent the critical and patronizing attitude which many Westerners often take toward them. This attitude has been born of contact with the lowest classes and too many of our Westerners have judged all Orientals—as some Americans judge certain Europeans and as some Europeans judge certain Americans—from the few undesirables to whom their observation has been limited.

Above all others, we Catholics should be "big." We must live up to our name and be wide-visioned in our appreciation of nations and races other than our own.

¶

OUR CONFRERE

"**S**TRONG as a diamond, more tender than a woman" was characteristic of the Master as described by Père Lacordaire, the famous Dominican preacher of Notre Dame.

It would seem as if our late Maryknoller whose death was announced in our midsummer issue had a holy ambition to realize as best he could in his own life these beautiful traits.

Father McShane was a gentle man, retiring by nature, simple and kindly; unemotional but sympathetic; frank, with the innocence of a child. Yet there was no missionary's heart braver than his as any one of his companions can readily testify.

His trials were numerous, and if set down here would remind many of our readers of the list compiled by St. Paul and used to encourage his converts to bear their daily crosses.

His life will be an interesting chapter in the effort of American missionaries to coöperate with their European and Asiatic confreres in the salvation of souls.

¶

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL

A MISSIONER'S FLIGHT TO GOD

BEING A RELATION OF THE FATAL ILLNESS AND EDIFYING DEATH OF THE
REV. DANIEL L. McSHANE, MARYKNOLL MISSIONER AT LOTING, CHINA

REALIZING that our readers have their own troubles, THE FIELD AFAR rather inclines to keep those of Maryknoll in the background. We aim, however, to edify our readers and we are certain that they will thank us for bringing to their attention some details concerning the apostolic death of our beloved Father McShane (the first Maryknoller to be ordained priest) who recently took his flight to God. Father McShane died in his mission at Loting, Province of Kwangtung, on Saturday, June 4.

Ten days previously, Bishop Walsh, his superior, had been consecrated at Sancian Island. Father McShane's assistant had left Loting for the event, and Fr. McShane had arranged to follow. The Sisters were already in Hongkong. Finding himself stricken by smallpox, and evidently with a premonition that he would not live, Father McShane wrote his farewell message on Tuesday to the Procure at Hongkong.

Even as he wrote, two priests and five Sisters were hastening back to Loting, having left on Monday evening, but the journey is diffi-

cult and long. One of the priests, Fr. Rauschenbach, pushed on overland at the first opportunity, leaving his companion to escort the Sisters. Fr. Rauschenbach arrived in time to administer Extreme Unction to his dying confrere.

The letters that follow tell the story and are a precious addition to the Church of America's mission effort in China:

(Letter from Fr. Rauschenbach addressed to the Maryknoll Superior.)

AS I am getting off a letter to the bishop as soon as possible and know you will want to have a few of the details of Father McShane's death, I am sending you a carbon copy of the bishop's letter.

Father McShane caught the smallpox from one of the babies that was brought to the orphanage. No one else would handle it, and, after he baptized it, it died the following day.

We were all down to the consecration and were expecting Fr. McShane to join us. He told me that he took sick the night before he was to leave for Hongkong. In this way, he was alone for the greater part of the time that he was sick.

He did not suspect that he had smallpox, but thought it was simply malaria, and was trying to doctor himself. It was not until after the rash appeared that he called the doctor. Even then, there would have been some hope of saving him, as there is a good foreign doctor in town, but Father's stomach, which had always caused him a great deal of suffering, failed to assist him at the critical time and he was unable to retain any sort of nourishment. He had practically gotten over the smallpox when he died of sheer weakness or starvation.

I at once wired the Procure and presume that they cabled America and got word to Father McShane's folks.

(Letter from Fr. Rauschenbach sent to the Superior-General of Maryknoll and to Bishop Walsh, June 6, 1927.)

WE received the telegram Sunday night at Hongkong telling us of Fr. McShane's illness, which we relayed to you with the addition that we were leaving as soon as possible, which was Monday night (the five Sisters, Father Kennelly, and I).

We did not get to Tak-Hing until Wednesday at six in the morning. I left the party to come up by boat as there were no chairs to be had and I did not think it wise to drag the Sisters over that road to Lintan. Fr. Kennelly accompanied them up the river on the



SOME CHRISTIANS AT LOTING

This photograph was taken on the occasion of Mother Mary Joseph's visit in 1926. In the group may be noted Bishop Walsh (with helmet) and Father McShane at his right

regular passenger boat which reached here Saturday evening. By coming overland, I was able to make Loting by noon Thursday. One glance was sufficient to tell me that Father was dying and that there was scarcely any hope of saving him. He was quite himself most of the time and was able to make his confession and receive the last anointing a few hours after I arrived. I wired you of his condition at once. He was unable to swallow; so could not receive Communion. He was very weak and was sinking fast. Dr. Dickson explained that it was not so much the smallpox as his weak stomach which did not permit him to take any nourishment at all, even to the extent of a spoonful of water. The doctor had tried all sorts of possible feedings without avail. Consequently, he went down fast, and, by Friday morning, was delirious with lucid intervals. Doctor Dickson was unable to be over at the house at every minute as there were also several serious cases at the hospital which divided his time. As it was, he did all but live here when it was possible, sleeping and eating as the hour happened to be that found him here. The boys also were very devoted in their attention and were watching night and day in shifts. Father was suffering very much almost all the time, most of it coming, however, from his starved condition and parching thirst; from the flashes of fever, which required us to douse him with buckets of water for relief, followed immediately by a chill which made it necessary for us to wrap him in blankets.

By Friday night it was plain that it was only a question of hours. Doctor Dickson was then trying to keep Father alive until the rest of the party should arrive, but with very little success, as he was getting too weak to receive liquid into his veins. About ten o'clock Friday night, while the doctor was away, he fell into a coma from which he never regained consciousness; and, with his breathing becoming more and more labored, he passed away Saturday morning at twenty minutes past eight, with no one about but the boy and myself.

I immediately called Dr. Dickson, and, with his assistance, prepared Father for burial. After we had finished and I was making arrangements for the coffin, Fr. Kennelly and three of the Sisters arrived. They had feared the worst and had walked up from Taai-Wan, reaching here about ten. The other two remained on the boat. We buried Father at five o'clock that same afternoon, Saturday, just to the right of the front door in the yard between the tennis court and the house. About half past six the other two Sisters arrived. We had a Requiem Mass for him Monday.

As we read the communication above, we recall that Fr. McShane never realized his desire to see

THE FAREWELL MESSAGE

Tuesday

Dear Father Downs:

I'm over a week on my back with smallpox. Thank God I did not go down to spread it to others.

Please tell Bishop Walsh I'm trying so hard to offer my sufferings for his many new responsibilities. I give him everything I have. God love him and dear Father Superior, my mother and brothers and sisters. Tell them I'm praying for them. I hold no grudge against anybody. I am thinking of the Sisters and Brothers also. Doctor Dickson has been especially kind to me. Can't retain the least food and the heat is intense.

God's blessed will be done. No mail seems to be coming this way.

Pray for me.

McShane

(This letter was written in lead pencil and evidently under a great strain. Toward the end, it became almost illegible.)

Sancian Island where St. Francis Xavier, his patron, had died with eyes turned toward the mainland of China.

May we not hope that this twentieth century American missionary, whose death in many respects resembled that of the great apostle, has already been welcomed to Paradise by St. Francis and by the little army of waifs whose souls were made precious in God's sight through his own untiring zeal.

A LETTER from Father McShane arrived the day before the cable came that announced the death of this apostolic missionary.

We quote in part:

On April 18, I received the startling news that our claim to the Lintan Orphanage was being questioned by one of the owners, who maintained that he did not affix his signature to the contract whereby we were to have a five-year option on the place.

On April 19, I received another epistle from Lintan, urging me to go down at once, as the Watnam mandarin was visiting the place for a few days, and, if I could but see him for a few moments, all perplexities would at once disappear.

I did go down to Lintan on April 20. I was just about settled when a telegram from Fr. Rauschenbach announced that our large orphanage at Loting had collapsed that very afternoon. He wanted me to go back at once, but I had already made an appointment with the mandarin for the following day, and it was imperative that I should see him.

I saw the official, and, after enumerating all the charges that he had heard about the local orphanage, such as starving babies and plucking out their eyes to make medicine, he said that, of course, he didn't believe these things and hence he would be glad to protect the place and to issue a proclamation to that effect. He said also that he had received orders from Canton to see that there was no interference with foreign lives and property.

Next morning, I was up early, said Mass, and was off for Loting, where I arrived in time for dinner. I soon got from the Fathers the complete account of the accident.

It seems that the building actually fell a few inches during the previous night, and the noise arising therefrom frightened the grown-ups very much. Next morning, the matter was reported to the Fathers, but being new arrivals and having very little experience with mud houses, it was not an easy matter for them to form an opinion quickly.

Anyhow, at ten minutes of four in the afternoon, Fr. Rauschenbach and Kennelly, with almost our entire force,

**Maryknoll asks only for crumbs
—eat your bread in peace.**

were actually examining the building from within. They decided to move the children to a safer place and gave orders to start the transfer. They then went over to the next building, where the little ones were to be brought, and, as they stepped out of this building and were watching the first child being carried out of the old building, down it came with a terrific crash. This happened at exactly four o'clock.

It didn't take long to discover that all the help were just outside when it collapsed, but there seemed no doubt about the fate of all the inmates.

As the Fathers approached the ruins, who should creep out of the only corner of the building still intact but one of our latest arrivals—an eighteen-year-old girl. She didn't seem unduly frightened, although she must have realized that something more than a violent clap of thunder had occurred.

In the main room, we had eight large blind children and six infants. The blind children must have sensed the first rumblings of the falling walls, because, with the exception of three, they all made for the main door, but were caught there by an extra high board at the base of the door. This proved, however, to be a life saver for them, as they were preserved under the heavy door frame; whereas, if they had gotten outside, the falling walls would certainly have crushed them.

As for the six little helpless infants, they were even more fortunate. They were placed along the west wall of the room, and, luckily, the big heavy roof beams loosened and fell from the opposite side first, thus forming a protective phalanx over their little cribs.

Down at the end room, however, where we kept the sick babies, we lost four of the little ones. These, with the three blind children, made a total of seven lives lost.

Much as we regret the occurrence of this accident, we cannot but feel that the good Lord actually performed a miracle in order that so many lives might be saved for His work here. It could have been so different.

When I received the news at Lintan, my first thought was about the two unbaptized children in the building. But the same Providence that directed them

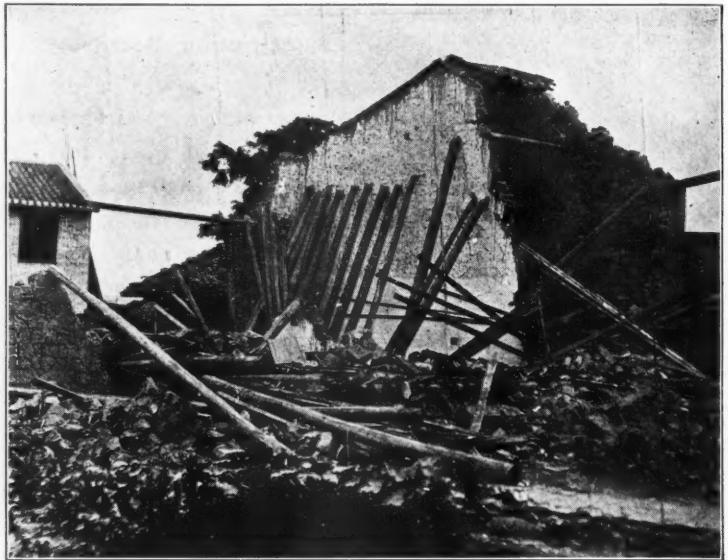


Photo from Fr. McShane

THE COLLAPSED MUD-BRICK ORPHANAGE

This is not just another bit of wanton destruction by the Reds, but it happened just because the Lord wanted it to happen

to our orphanage saw to it that no harm would come to them. One of these was the large blind girl who was still under instruction; the other was

the first and only child that was carried out of the building just three minutes before it fell.

Then, too, it was a most consoling



THE LOTING PAGODA

A view from Father McShane's compound

PRAY FOR MISSIONERS

thought for me to observe how deeply the accident affected all the help. They talked and talked about the goodness of God in preserving their lives, and I dare say that they will remember this to their dying day. I have no doubt but that the lesson was intended for us also, and it ought to increase our love and confidence in the infinite goodness and love of God.

P. S. Up to Father McShane's death, 2,483 infant baptisms had been recorded at Loting. [Ed.]

MARYKNOLL IN THE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 215)

showed us a sketch of a combination that he has in mind and which would serve admirably—a four-winged affair, with an open quadrangle within.

Besides the little flock at Kangkei, Fr. Cassidy has also congregations farther north, at two stations, Chung Kwang and Fuchang Koup, both on the Yalu River, which is eighty-five miles distant on the north, though nearer on the west.

Wishing to see at least one of the two, Fr. Hunt and I decided on Fuchang Koup, since the mountain pastor had another residence there. Fr. Cassidy was obliged to remain behind, with his catechist, for the coming catechist examinations and baptisms. He suggested that we return to Shingishu by the Yalu, as he himself had already done, and, with this in our mind, we said good-by and pushed on alone to the north.

In the summer time, one may go from Kangkei west to the Yalu by automobile, a two-hour run, and thence by regular launch to the river settlements. But when the snow flies—and winters in the north are long—the journey must be made by ice sled, a little box on wooden runners pulled along by a sturdy mountain pony. Hitting a good pace, we made the one hundred and twenty miles northeast to Fuchang Koup in three days and two hours, with every moment enjoyable. Travel in winter is pleasant, despite the cold, since snowy trails make for smooth, fast going, and one is not bothered

with fleas—the little darlings are frozen stiff.

The scenery was often impressive, but lumberjacks have stripped everything in sight. The peaks are usually bald, sometimes scraggy, always unattractive, though an occasional overhanging Gibraltar will stir a thrill.

We were agreeably surprised at the Korean inns, which were better than their fellows in the west, and we came to prefer them. As "first-class guests," we always received, without asking, exclusive use of the cleaner of the (usually) two guestrooms; the landlords were most obliging in the matter of arranging some sort of altar for us, and we said Mass every day.

The prices at these mountain inns are surprisingly low; while our various menus added to the inevitable rice, eggs, chicken, beef, pork, potatoes, cabbage, and onions—the treat of the trip—delicious wild boar meat, a sort of cross between chestnuts and turkey. With some bread and George Washington coffee that we had brought along, plus the sauce that mountain appetites supplied, didn't we dream we were back again at our favorite table in the Fitz!

On our arrival in Fuchang Koup, we met Fr. Cassidy's Number One Christian, who showed us to the chapel-rectory combination. Almost new, with four small rooms and two large, it was a splendid bargain at the price paid. Here the faithful are mostly in-the-making; that is, catechumens, as Father has wisely deferred baptizing them until they can recite the catechism readily.

They are a goodly number, though, and their joy was great when told that they would have the examinations in a few days, with probably a splendid ceremony on the great occasion of their adoption by the Father in heaven. We suggested also a final bit of special "plugging" ere the pastor arrived, so that their rapidity in reciting the catechism might delight him the more, and to this they gladly agreed.

However, in answer to further questions, we had to remind them, that, although it is their own home sweet

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!



The departure bell in the quadrangle of the Maryknoll Seminary once hung in a Japanese pagoda and called pagans to worship idols. Now, it announces the going from Mary's hilltop of new messengers of the Glad Tidings to "those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

This year, a score of stalwart young Americans are setting out to the Orient. With the help of generous benefactors, the Maryknoll Society has nurtured them during the years of preparation. They have relied on like zealous friends for the expenses of the long journey across the Pacific, and their trust has not been deceived. Catholics of America, these soldiers of Christ still

LOOK TO YOU

Do not forget them as the echoes of the departure bell die away and their ship leaves our shores. Follow them in the years to come with the support of your financial backing, and, above all, with your prayers.

home, Fuchang Koup is only a tiny hamlet and should not expect to have a resident pastor when there are so many larger villages without one, and our missionaries so few.

The great need here, as so often

BE A PROPAGANDIST

elsewhere in our mission, is the presence of a well-trained catechist who can watch over the converts, encourage them to be faithful, instruct the children, their elders as well, and, in general, supervise the religious life of the community, so that when the missionary comes for his occasional visits, he will not have to spend the most of his time stemming the "backwater" of laxity and indifference that invariably follows the omission of regular prayers and instruction; but, on the contrary, will find ready to harvest sacramentally the fruits of his last visit, increased and multiplied.

The Christians of Fuchang Koup need such a worker badly and earnestly begged me to send them one. But, from all sides, I get like importunities, and, alas, the holes in our coffers are many. However, I promised to look out for a mission friend for them; wherefore let me close with the appealing antiphon of John the Tenor, "Can't you hear me calling?"

With the proposed return down the Yalu to Shingishu changed in favor of a more thorough mission survey, Fr. Hunt and I left Fuchang Koup to push on further to the east. After three days more by sled, and then two by automobile, we finally discovered again the Pacific that had so tickled Balboa.

We had crossed the Korean peninsula in the dead of winter, and, to our great surprise, it had proved a decidedly enjoyable experience. Truly, "You never can tell!!" It's these unexpected things about the Orient that give it the tang and the lure. But of this, more anon.

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Along the Line

FROM NORTH CHINA Mukden

(Fr. Lane)

THERE are three Maryknoll priests in Manchuria, all, at present, under the direction of the Bishop of Mukden. We have not published much from these priests who, like the seeds in the ground, have not yet sprouted. They are preparing for future labors, learning the language, and getting information by word and example that will be of value to them in the days to come. Fr. Lane, in a report sent to the Superior, gives the following items of interest:

China with its millions immersed in paganism awakens serious thoughts. Materialism is world wide and will always be, perhaps, but in China nearly everybody seems to be struggling about "things." People labor night and day growing things to eat, making things to wear. There is little of the Nirvana seen in a Chinese city or town; but, across the Yalu, one can always find a number of the male sex meditating on the "quiddity of quid," and railroad stations seem to be favorite places for the mooning process. All through the Orient, if we can believe what we read and hear, the temporary, passing, mortal body claims most—and often all—of the conscious attention.

Herein lies the missionary's work—to teach and instruct, that these people may be wise and provide for the last things. As everywhere in the world, the great difficulty is to attract, to reach, to establish points of contact, to overcome suspicion and mistrust.

FROM SOUTH CHINA

Wuchow

(Fr. Ruppert)

ONE need not look far in seeking for the key to Fr. Meyer's success—throughout the whole day, his heart is in his work. When not actually engaged in outside matters, you will find him plugging away at the language. He already has a remarkable grasp of the Cantonese dialect, to which he is now adding the Mandarin. The advantage of this will be very great, for he found many of the moun-

tain folk who speak only Mandarin.

Then, too, we must not forget to mention a few of Fr. Meyer's "side lines"—namely, his translation and re-composition of three different books, two on doctrine and the other on Chinese etiquette. When finished, these will be very valuable, not only for the future missionaries of Kwangsi but also for men of the Kongmoon and Kaying districts. No doubt, you are acquainted with Wisner's *Beginning Cantonese* which was translated and arranged by Fr. Meyer last year. That work is proving to be most practical and is supplying a long-felt need.

Chikkai
(Fr. McGinn)

EGO te baptizo in nomine
Along the line of bowed heads passed the *shan foo*, pouring the saving waters and pronouncing the solemn words that cleansed the souls of ten poorly clad, simple tillers of the soil.

And as the heads were raised every countenance shone with the light of faith, a manifestation of the miracle of grace accomplished. Indeed, in old Joseph's eyes tears of joy started while the representative of Christ the King felt his own soul leap within him. Such moments, rare enough, verify the promise: *Everyone that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or lands for my Name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold.*

Hoingan
(Fr. Le Prelle)

OFTEN I like to "reminisce" and recall the happy days at the Knoll, but we find ourselves very busy over here, with little time to ourselves.

Msgr. Walsh has given me charge of the Hoingan Mission. This mission is not of great importance, but is a most difficult one, for both Frs. Meyer and Dietz found it the hardest they had while in China. Over here, one lesson impressed upon a missionary is patience, and that with a capital "P."

My health is fine. We have just finished our retreat. I saw Fr. Paschang for the first time since my arrival in China, also had my first visit

INQUIRE ABOUT ANNUITIES

to Pakkai. So far, I have seen but few missions outside of Hoingan, so my experience with the Chinese is very limited. Here we find out how helpless and useless we are of ourselves, and how only God's grace can bring about conversions, of which we have had several striking examples.

Fachow
(Fr. Bauer)

HENRY FORD, great fellow, is much abused, but he never stops being of use. The first time I rode in a Ford in this yellow land, it was with ten more men "sardining" into it and quantities of baggage roped tightly all around the front and sides. Thus the tin can rattled over the rough dirt road going at "forty miles." Eight men had pushed (and many more looked on) to set it going, but how it would be able to stop, I knew not. However, there was no mishap, and the old faithful stopped at the right spot. Talk about traveling *de luxe*!

FROM KOREA
Gishu
(Fr. Peloquin)

I AM happy to say that we have made some progress at Gishu. Easter, we baptized two little girls, daughters of the "Korean Mayor." He is not exactly a mayor, but is the head of one of the two districts over which there is a Japanese mayor. His mother and wife have expressed the wish to become Catholics, and he himself seems inclined to embrace the faith.

The fact that he is so happy because his two little daughters are Catholics, and, as he says, "my mother and my wife are going to be Catholics, too," is already a great victory, envied by Protestants who have had a stronghold here for many years. We are getting lots of face, and very good propaganda, as he is loved by all, Japanese and Koreans.

Since I arrived in Gishu—that is, in eight months—I have baptized twenty-six adults and thirteen children; also three adults and three children in *articulo mortis*. I think we all visioned ourselves other "Xaviers," baptizing until we could no longer raise our arm to



Photo from Fr. Peloquin
WHEN FATHER PELOQUIN AT GISHU OFFICIATES
AT A FUNERAL CEREMONY

pour the life-giving water. But we had not reckoned on the difficulties with the language. And, even though we knew the language perfectly, we should still meet with problems, for the great majority of women and nearly all the aged men and women in Korea do not know how to read or write. For these, the study of the catechism and common prayers is a very long and difficult task.

FIGURES SPEAK.

IN JAPAN

Catholics	75,983
Orthodox Russians	36,686
Protestants (40 sects)	98,084

IN KOREA

Catholics	92,437
Russian Schismatics	562
Protestants	214,089

NATIVE CATECHISTS

RECENT outbursts of antiforeign feeling in China have focused a spotlight on the need of native workers in the spread of the Gospel. Should the extremity be reached where foreign missionaries are driven out, then the presence of native workers alone will provide the Christians with spiritual leaders.

In all China, there are only some 1,200 Chinese priests. During the interval before an adequate number of native priests can be trained, their labors must be seconded by the help of Chinese catechists.

You will do much to strengthen the Church in China by supplying the maintenance of a native catechist. In the Maryknoll Missions in China, the wages of these native apostles are \$15 a month or \$180 a year.

We are sometimes asked why the salary of a native catechist is higher in our Korean Mission than in the Maryknoll Missions of China. This may be explained by the relatively high cost of living in Korea since the Japanese occupation. A minimum wage of \$240 is required for the living expenses of a Korean catechist, and our missionaries must often pay an even higher stipend.

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

At the Home Knoll

OCCASIONALLY, we meet someone who imagines that Departure Day at Maryknoll is the saddest of the year. Anyone under this impression should view the ceremony that takes place yearly on the eighth of September.

Were he, on that occasion, to sit among the relatives and friends of the "departants," he would remark the absence of tears and might be surprised at the smiles and bantering when students for the last time take leave of their missionary brothers.

In fact, when ceremonies are completed and the autos whirl down the driveway amid cheers, wild ringing of the tower bell, and the glare of fireworks, the visitor probably would agree that Departure Day at Maryknoll is a happy affair.

Especially impressive is the edifying spirit of the parents of the departing priests. Inevitably their boy's happiness is their joy and they complete their sacrifice to God with a smile.

The spirit of the Maryknoll parent is well exemplified by the conduct of one mother last June, on ordination day. It was late in the afternoon, and all the new priests were reporting to their Superior to receive assignments for the coming year. Each priest was greeted with cheers by the assembled students as he hurried to make known his appointment to his parents. In the midst of all the excitement, one mother was seen sobbing. A well-meaning bystander tried to comfort her.

"Don't cry," said the consoler; "after all, China is not so far away. Think of the great work your son will be doing in China."

"That's just it," replied the mother, wiping her eyes; "he's not going to China. He has been assigned to do some work in this country and I feel so badly for him."

During the summer, Maryknoll was host to sixteen blind children who came for the day from St. Joseph's Home for the Blind in Jersey City. These children for some time have been interested in the welfare of missionaries and offer many prayers for the spiritually blind in foreign lands. In the Jersey institution, there are a score of elderly ladies, all blind, who say one Rosary each day for Maryknollers. Such prayers keep mission work advancing.

September marks the opening of the scholastic year at the Seminary. Among the new faces are twelve from the preparatory college at Scranton, Pa. After Departure Day, the students enter a week's retreat at the end of which ten will receive tonsure and seventeen fourth-year theologians will be made deacons.

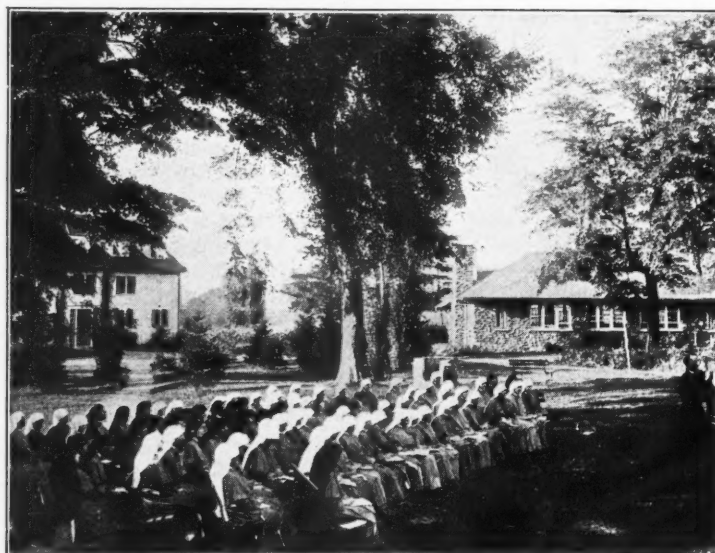
A complete electro-plating equipment has been installed by the students for the Maryknoll Sisters. Henceforth the Sisters will be able to replating worn chal-



THE PUMPHOUSE REFLECTS

ices and other sacred vessels. The gold used for plating is secured from old jewelry sent in by Maryknoll friends.

A Perpetual Memorial Membership for your departed! Should it not appeal?



THE PROFESSOR OF CHINESE "TAKES ON"
Summer school on the Sisters' Compound at Maryknoll

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT

Page the Sisters

THEY are helpers rather than members of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society, but we like to call them Maryknoll Sisters because we know that Maryknoll means much to them since it was the inspiration of their origin.

These Sisters, as many readers know, have in the past quite forgotten their own needs in their anxiety to assist Maryknoll, and, as a consequence, they are finding it difficult to secure for themselves a Mother-House and Novitiate.

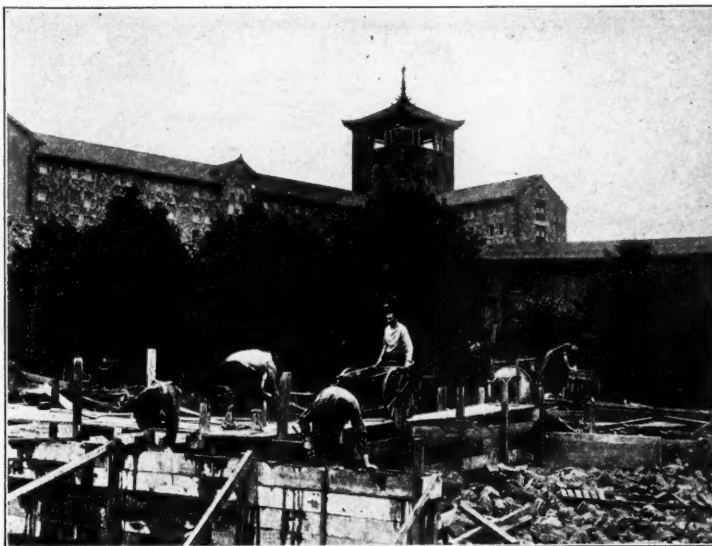
Some help has been promised to them and this is coming gradually from the C. D. A., but no organization can be expected to mother what is now a large community.

Aware of building costs, the Sisters looked for a house already constructed, but as they realized that this would bring them away from the center at which no fewer than a hundred are engaged in one occupation or another, they at length decided to stay at the Knoll and trust to Providence.

Just across the street from the Maryknoll fields is a desirable estate for which they had often wished, but which was not available. Recently, the opportunity came to secure an option on the property, and this has been done. Maryknoll will meet part of the expense by reserving land directly opposite THE FIELD AFAR building, while the Sisters' corporation will gradually acquire under their own title the balance, some thirty-five acres, including a house which will relieve the present congestion.

Here then, at last, the faithful Sisters will find a home looking down across the field to the Maryknoll for which they have so generously given prayer and consecrated labor.

May friends be found to meet their obligation—at present about fifty thousand dollars, and it will give special pleasure to the Maryknoll Superior to serve such friends as the channel of their benefactions.



A HANDBALL ALLEY COMES AT LAST

This accomplishment is due largely to sacrifices made by students

Among the latest assignments over at the convent are those of ten Maryknoll Sisters who will work in the Hawaiian Islands, under Bishop Alencastre.

Six will take charge of a grade school which is being organized by Fr. Kress in Sacred Heart parish, Honolulu—Sr. M. Veronica Hartman, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sr. M. Berchmans Flynn, Arlington, Mass.; Sr. M. Immaculata Brennan, Boston, Mass.; Sr. M. Matthias Lichteig, Greeley, Kansas; Sr. M. Robert Rust, Buffalo, N. Y., and Sr. M. Tarcisius Doherty, Brighton, Mass.

Four will take over a school at

Heeia, a village on the opposite side of the Island from Honolulu. This school was opened by the first Catholic missionaries in Hawaii. It would have been closed for lack of teachers. The four Sisters assigned to Heeia are Sr. M. Alphonsa Bergeron, Norway, Michigan; Sr. M. Gregory Mackey, Charleston, West Virginia; Sr. M. Pieta Kirby, Dorchester, Mass., and Sr. M. Adrienne Mundy, Framingham, Mass.

The work of the Maryknoll Sisters in the Hawaiian Islands will be largely among Orientals, as eighty per cent of all the school children are Japanese.

SOME THOUGHTS ON STONES

There is a strength and solidity about stones that has often made them symbolic of the City of God. Christ named the chief of His apostles Petrus—a rock. The Savior Himself is called in the Gospels the corner stone of the Church.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is built of stones taken from the Maryknoll grounds. It shelters young men who are training to be other Christs and successors of the first Apostles to the heathen. It is your privilege to strengthen the City of God by the purchase of some of these stones. For the sum of five dollars, you can place a number of stones in the Maryknoll walls.

PUSH OUR CAUSE



Dear Boys and Girls:

Many good people of every State in the Union are friends of Maryknoll, and some of them are young people. But we want more of the little folk—in fact, we need them all to back this work for souls.

And who of the 2,167,241 Catholic children in our big United States does not want to help bring our holy faith to pagan souls? Here is an opportunity—join our ranks as **MARYKNOLL JUNIORS**.

Only three conditions are required: a **JUNIOR** must be a missionary at heart; must read **THE FIELD AFAR**; and must take part in the Maryknoll Junior activities as suggested on our page each month.

Begin by getting others to **SIGN UP**. Are all the members of your class going to enroll, either as individuals or together? Ask Sister to help us reach the one hundred per cent mark.

Hopefully,

Father Chin

P. S. Send for more Enrollment Slips. We have stacks. — F. C.

A NIHONGO SCHOOL

WE were stopping over in Los Angeles for a few days, and, one morning, while Dad was occupied, I decided to look up the Maryknoll School for Japanese.

Just around the corner from the hotel, I spied a bus marked "Maryknoll" waiting in the traffic. It was filled with Japanese children of all sizes, from tiny tots to boys and girls as big as I am. The Brother driving was surprised when I asked to get in, for only Japanese children go to St. Francis Xavier's, but as soon as he saw my Junior button, it was all right.

The children were chattering, some in *Nihongo*, but mostly in English. They didn't know what to make of me, but, when Brother told them I was a **JUNIOR** from New York, they began telling me their names. By the time we reached school, I felt at home with these Japanese friends.

You should see their school, a fine three-story building. On the first floor is a large kindergarten which, the Sister told me, serves as a chapel on Sundays. Even the non-Catholic children and their parents come to Mass nearly every week.

It was a treat to visit the classrooms. Besides the classes just like ours, they have to study Japanese too. I was glad I did not have to learn that language when I saw one little boy write a few of

JUNIOR ENROLLMENT SLIP		
(FOR INDIVIDUAL)	— OR —	(FOR CLASS)
NAME		GRADE
AGE		NO. PUPILS
STREET		SCHOOL
CITY		CITY
STATE		STATE
FILL OUT AND RETURN TO FATHER CHIN , Maryknoll, N. Y.		

A MITE A DAY

TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

the characters which make up their almost endless alphabet.

During recess, when I began to compare notes with the Eighth Grade boys, I found I would have to brush up in American History. The questions they asked and their real live interest in civics showed their love of this glorious country. They all want to go to high school and most of them hope to attend college.

I enjoyed the morning very much and felt I was a Maryknoller when I left. It was so good to find these Japanese boys and girls just like all of us, keen for sports, interested in studies, and loyal to everything American.

BABES

THE children of the Fifth Grade wish to thank you for the beautiful picture of Théophane Vénard.—*Marian Morris, St. Mary's School, Seattle, Wash.*



Clang! Opponents shake, and then Starts the battle for the crown—Dempsey wears a shirt of white, Tunney likes a sweater brown. Who was knocked out and who won? Oh, this fight was just for fun.



JUNIORS!
THIS is our
BADGE and MOTTO
—The CHI RHO—
(key-ro)

In the Blue of Mary Immaculate
—for Girls. In the Red of the
Sacred Heart—for Boys.

Enclose 10 for Your Badge
When Sending Your Enrollment

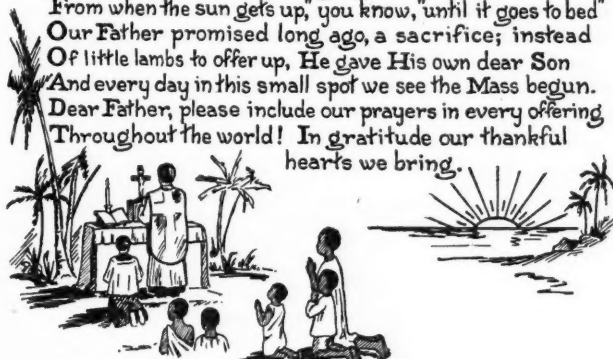


A-B-C's OF THE MISSIONS



O - Oceania

In far off Oceania, each day a Mass is said
When this old world is getting up, and all its roof is red.
From when the sun gets up, you know, "until it goes to bed"
Our Father promised long ago, a sacrifice; instead
Of little lambs to offer up, He gave His own dear Son
And every day in this small spot we see the Mass begun.
Dear Father, please include our prayers in every offering
Throughout the world! In gratitude our thankful
hearts we bring.



The Junior Aloysians were all delighted with your kind letter and its enclosures. We are disappointed not to be able to have a "snap shot" of our Chinese baby, Mary Aloysia, but we think Our Lord will let us recognize her when we meet her in heaven; it is good to know that she will always pray for us.

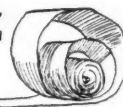
We have decided to enrich our sodality by the purchase of your new book, *The Maryknoll Movement*. Please

find our check for \$1.50, which we enclose, and kindly forward the book as soon as it is convenient.

Mother showed us your poster of the Chinese babies, and we like it very much—it pulls at our heart strings; did you intend that? We shall hang the poster in our classroom.—*The Junior Aloysians, (Carol Lucas, Treas.), Academy of the Sacred Heart, N. Y. C.*



CHIN QUIZ



1. WHAT ARE FOREIGN MISSIONS?
2. WHAT IS A FOREIGN MISSIONER?
3. HOW CAN JUNIORS HELP THE MISSION CAUSE?
4. WHY SHOULD BOYS AND GIRLS BE MARYKNOLL JUNIORS?
5. WHAT DOES OUR BADGE AND MOTTO (THE CHI RHO) MEAN?

(Best ANSWERS will be PUBLISHED)

WEAR THE CHI RHO

Toward the Setting Sun



AND IT DOES NOT SOUND SO BAD

MARYKNOLL-IN-SCRANTON

THE ten or eleven tents of the summer campers dotted the hillside just above Vénard Lake and gave us a pleasing shore line during July and August. The fifty-odd boys enjoyed themselves as all boys do when on vacation. The day was started aright with Mass and Holy Communion; then came swimming, boating, baseball, tennis, boxing matches, friendly get-togethers, camp fires, evening prayers, and slumberland—and all was right with the world.

A group of our senior students, together with a number of Maryknoll seminarians, skilled in "boyology" and "campology," acted as camp counselors and took care of the boys. An added feature this year was the presence of a Vénard priest as camp chaplain. Already several vocations are the result of the summer camp.

And now the Vénard has thrown open her doors for the fall term. She has taken up anew the work of training missionaries. There are old faces among the returned students, and a number of new ones, too, which shows that the work of the foreign missions is growing more and more each year.

We missed the genial countenance of Fr. Jones. He has been appointed to the missions, together with Fr. Borer; the latter is to be the Maryknoll procurator in Hongkong. Fr. Coulehan was also among the missing, yet we hope to see him once in a while, since he is to remain in this country speaking to boys on vocations to the

missions. Four of the recently ordained priests are now with us and getting into the swing of things Vénard—Frs. Buckley, O'Brien, Ray, and Tennen. Our deacon friends of last term, Frs. Driscoll and Barron, are about to sail for the missions.

MARYKNOLL-IN-LOS ANGELES

AFTER a great vacation, all of us pupils at St. Francis Xavier's are back at our books. I must confess, however, that, just at present, whenever I try to study hard on a hot afternoon, I go off to the moon or take to day dreaming over some of the events of vacation. Just now I recall my trip in the aeroplane from Los Angeles to Catalina Island.

While down at the ocean one day, my brother, who had become much interested in aviation through the over-sea flights of Lindbergh and Chamberlain, decided that it would be a great thing for us to make a trip over the bay to Catalina Island. Well I can assure you that I was all excited, for while I had often imagined that some day I would take a trip in one of these great machines, I never realized that I would actually go above the clouds so soon.

We were soon aboard and on high with the plane pointing its nose towards the Island. Aloft there in the heavens, I began to picture to myself how great it would be if only we had gasoline enough to continue on and on over the waters of the Pacific to Hawaii, where we would drop in on Fr. Kress and Bro. Philip for lunch and see their new work among the Japanese and other people there. Then we could continue on to the Far East and make our next stop at the front door of the Trappist Monastery in Japan where we would interrupt our old friend, Fr. Swift in the midst of his Japanese studies. With this happy visit ended, we would refuel, continue on, and in a short time

call on the Maryknoll Fathers in Korea, extending to them the best wishes of all here at home. If time permitted, we would surprise all the Maryknollers in Asia by dropping into their back yards to see how well they are progressing in their great work.

But, suddenly, we are dropping down on the shores of Catalina, and, before I realize it, I hear the voice of Sr. M. calling me to recite my lesson. The little Japanese characters in the book before me seem to be jumping about and laughing at me as I try to shake off this lethargy into which I have fallen. Once again it dawns on me that I am back at the Sisters' School on South Hewitt Street but feeling somewhat tired after that long trip.

Our school must have gained great prestige here among the Nipponese in Los Angeles, for we cannot now accommodate all the applicants. The numbers will force us to build again within a few years. For, although we are all little, and many of us can be crowded into a small space, yet a certain number of us will tax the capacity of any room.

During the summer, sixteen of my friends here at St. Francis Xavier's received their First Holy Communion. It was a happy day for them and I am praying hard that some day my father and mother will give me permission to enjoy this great privilege.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO

THERE was a housewarming party at the new Procure on McAllister and Scott Streets—and housewarming it was in a very literal sense.

A stray spark nestled down on one side of the roof, which was soon a mass of flames. In a few moments three fire hose were dragged through the front door, up the stairs, through the hall, and onto the roof—and a flood of water soon put an end to the "housewarming."

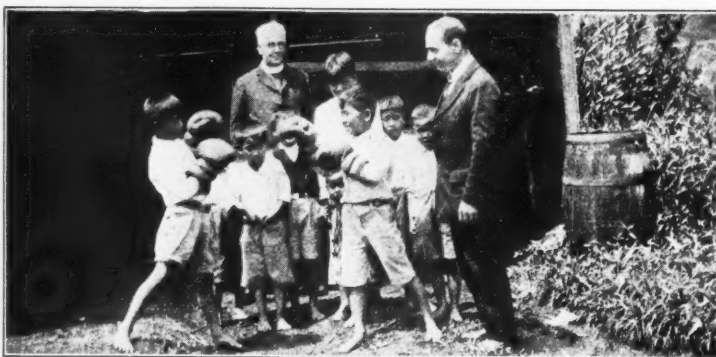


Photo from Fr. Kress

IN OUR BACK YARD AT HONOLULU

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

One of the firemen said that it would take between seven hundred and a thousand dollars to cover the damage done. Bad enough—but we are thankful to the good Lord that the party didn't last too long.

His Grace the Archbishop of San Francisco met Fr. Keller a few days after the Maryknoll Procure had moved to its new headquarters in San Francisco, only a couple of blocks away from his own residence. "Remember," said His Grace, with his usual cheer, "we have lunch at half-past twelve and dinner at half-past six at our house, and you are welcome to come at any time."

To keep before our own minds and those of visitors the association of the work of Maryknoll with the Orient, we have adorned the interior of our house with many oriental hangings, pictures, and favors given to us by Maryknoll in New York and by friends in San Francisco. We also have several sets of chopsticks—but no chop suey yet!

For several months, we have been welcoming a slow growth in our Maryknoll Guild. For those not yet acquainted with it, we might say that its object is to give assistance to the three Maryknoll Seminaries in the United States. Members of the Western Section turn their help toward the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos. The offering is a dollar or more a month, as one sees fit. Each member shares in the one hundred Masses offered weekly for Maryknoll benefactors.

While we prefer that membership should imply some personal sacrifice, we would not want it to interfere with family, parish, or other obligations. We take this opportunity to invite all who care to join the Maryknoll Guild to send their names to the Maryknoll Fathers, 1494 McAllister Street at Scott, San Francisco. Some might interest a friend or two.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SEATTLE

AT the close of the school year, we had one hundred and ten little boys and girls—all of whom promised to come back in September. We continued with kindergarten classes during the summer months, for the parents of many of the children work, and they welcomed this means of caring for the little tots.

As Sue Zumi has probably told you, we have been very much encouraged lately by the attendance of a good number of adults at Sunday Mass. The children, at first, were urged to bring at least one parent, and, in this manner, the grown-up Japanese began to

realize that our work was not concerned with the children only, and they come regularly.

Now, on their own initiative, some of the Japanese men who are interested in Maryknoll, have formed a committee and they are conducting a drive among the Japanese people to help the Sisters in their work. Although these men are still under instruction, they look upon themselves as members of the Church and are bound to be zealous and faithful workers.

At the same time, the women are forming a Circle and preparing articles to be sold at a bazaar in the fall.

In all this, I must assure you, our faithful catechist, Francis Xavier, has been a wonderful helper. He leaves us in September to resume his studies for the priesthood (he is going to the Maryknoll College at Los Altos), and we shall miss him very much.

After my instruction to the children at Sunday Mass, Francis has always given a talk to the people in Japanese, and, in this way, has proved invaluable. We feel sure, though, that God will send another "Timothy" to take the place of Francis. In the meantime, I am thumbing well my Japanese grammar.

At a recent party given in our hall, the people of Seattle came to our aid very generously. Such help encourages us to the extent of considering another "buy." Our present cage is rather small, and we have hardly room enough to spread our feathers. A combination church and school would meet our need permanently, but, unless some friend of Sue Zumi comes to make the structure a reality, we shall have to dream of it for the present and store away the crumbs for such a nest egg.

MARYKNOLL-IN-HONOLULU

A FIRST Communion class is under way, nineteen boys and two girls. About two thousand Catholic children attend the Brothers' and Sisters' schools; five thousand others are in the public schools.

The public school authorities allow the use of classrooms for the teaching of religion after or before school hours. Attendance at these classes is very unsatisfactory. Our children are invited to come for a weekly class at Bachelot Hall.

We took over a class of Japanese

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN KOREA

From the introduction of Christianity, in 1784, through the founding of the first American Catholic Mission—a span of nearly one hundred and fifty years.

The work is translated from an account by French missionaries (the pioneers in the field) and has an appendix on Maryknoll-in-Korea by the Superior of the Maryknoll Mission.

108 pp. Illustrated. Map and charts. Neatly bound in cloth.

\$1.00 postpaid

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

youths studying the catechism under a catechist employed by the bishop. Attendance varies from twelve to twenty; four or five are working hard. The open air school is situated in the center of a Japanese cottage camp. The older folks greet us cordially, nobody apparently thinking it strange that Catholics should be teaching their religion in a Buddhist community directly back of a Buddhist temple.

After a half hour of instruction, Bro. Philip takes the class for scientific boxing and wrestling. We found a sawdust pit close by that was used by the boys of the camp for *jiu jitsu*.

We also assumed the direction of another outdoor school of Japanese lads. This class was organized by a young student who aspires to the priesthood.

It does not seem at all difficult to establish contacts with Orientals.

These stories of yearly departures, of work both at home and in the missions, are such as will make definite and determined in the minds of boys and girls many a half-formed desire to give all to Christ.

—The Brighton Crusader

(See the back cover.)

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

MARYKNOLL-IN-THE-PHILIPPINES

Malabon Normal School, conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters, has received great encouragement from the Commissioner of Private Education and from the Secretary of Public Instruction. A kindergarten is being added to the practice school giving the complete system of elementary grades where normal students may observe and practice.

Twenty Filipina young women have lately received certificates for the completion of their Intermediate Course.

The Superior at St. Paul's Hospital writes, "Everyone is too busy to think. The hospital is well filled. Sometimes we wish business would not be so brisk."

When you go to Manila in the Philippines, look up St. Mary's Hall at 601-616 Pennsylvania Avenue. This is a dormitory for girls attending the university and other educational institutes in Manila.

It is under the personal supervision of Maryknoll Sisters and was established in 1918 by the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Doherty.

MARYKNOLL-IN-WASHINGTON

Four students have been assigned to the Catholic University for special work during 1927-1928.

MARYKNOLL-IN-ROME

FR. MEANEY wrote from Rome on the occasion of the tercentenary celebration of the College of Propaganda:

Throughout this week, the College of Propaganda is celebrating the tercentenary of its foundation. Today's program called for a polyglot assembly in the Cortile San Damaso at the Vatican. Hundreds of Propaganda alumni and other clerics of Rome were present.

The Holy Father—on his throne, surrounded by fifteen Cardinals—was addressed in twenty-two languages by students of the college. In addition to the modern languages of Europe, many Asiatic tongues were heard. Among these were Tamil, Urdu, Sanskrit, He-

brew, and Chaldaic. To these florid protestations of the catholicity and apostolicity of the Roman Church, the Holy Father responded in a warmly eloquent discourse.

He congratulated the students of Propaganda, a college originated in humble circumstances, but, like so many of the works of God which begin so, it is now one of the glories of the Church.

The Holy Father pointed out that one of the preoccupying cares of his predecessors had been the conversion of the heathen, not only through foreign missionaries, but more properly by means of a native clergy. He recalled with joy the recent consecration of the six Chinese bishops who have just arrived at their respective Sees. His Holiness expressed his deep love for China, bringing home to all the vastness of this Asiatic mission field and the promising harvest awaiting apostolic laborers. I wish all Maryknollers and friends of Maryknoll could have been there to see the expression on his face; to feel the power of his words when this truly missionary Pope eulogized the people in whose conversion we are all providentially engaged.

The Maryknoll group in Rome will be increased by three with the opening of the new school year.

Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address all communications to
The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

ONE of the first Circles to adopt Maryknoll was an organization known as the C. W. A., founded

by Mrs. Ada Mary Livingston in New York City.

The first meetings were held at the residence of the late Countess Anne Leary at her home on Fifth Avenue, and the initial activities were under the direction of Father, now Bishop Dunn, who kindly urged these ladies to interest themselves exclusively in Maryknoll.

Shortly afterwards, the place of meeting was transferred to the Sacred Heart Convent on Madison Avenue, and arrangements were made for a series of Advent and Lenten talks by Maryknoll priests to be followed on each occasion by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and special prayers for missions. Dues were placed on the penny a day basis, and each member was entitled to a Field Afar subscription. The expenses were practically nothing so that the yearly offering ran into several hundred dollars, which were applied towards the needs of students preparing for the missions. Once a year, the members made a pilgrimage to Maryknoll, usually in the late spring or early summer.

Last year, anxious to awaken a more vital interest in our Sisters, the Maryknoll Superior advised the Auxiliary to transfer their special activities to the Sisters. This was effected, and, as a result, the dues of members supplemented by a very successful card party held at the Hotel Plaza last May, under the direction of Miss Mary Tomoney, netted the Sisters this year the very welcome gift of a thousand dollars.

WHAT DO MISSIONERS READ? They read good books and current magazines when they can get them. Several missionaries have sent in requests for certain magazines. Will you subscribe for them? The foreign rate for most of the desired publications is five dollars. If you send that amount to Maryknoll, we will have the magazine forwarded to the missionary and will tell him of your kindness.

MAKE MARYKNOLL A BENEFICIARY

Another unusual activity of late spring was that St. John's Circle, New York, organized with the strong encouragement of the pastor, Msgr. Carroll, Chancellor in the Archdiocese.

This Circle has practically adopted our new Bishop Walsh over in Kongmoon, and has sent for his yearly support six hundred dollars, with an extra one hundred as a consecration present—the first of the kind to arrive.

This form of help is a marked encouragement, not only to the missionary, but to Maryknoll (his Alma Mater) on whom rests the responsibility of support for his sons.

St. John's Circle has also in mind the Chi Rho Hall which is in prospect.

CHI RHO HALL

It begins to look as if Chi Rho Hall would have its own special setting at Maryknoll. Since our first call for this haven of visiting Circles, something big has happened. Maryknoll has acquired title to property directly opposite the present holdings.

A large portion of this property will be secured by Maryknoll Sisters to house their novices, but directly opposite the present St. Teresa's, and only a few steps away, is a picturesque spot with a character all its own that can be delightfully adapted for the recreation and retreat of circlers.

Secretaries, Have we received your Membership List?

Now that vacations are almost over and Circlers are planning their activities for the coming season, we remind the sewing Circles that our linen closet is yawning after being emptied of its contents to fill the needs of our departing missionaries and the opening of new houses.

Through the kindness of St. Francis Xavier Circle, of Philadelphia, we received the generous sum of \$500 for Missioners' Support. This Circle, under the patronage of the great Apostle of the Indies, has done much for the work of Maryknoll; and for this latest evidence of coöperation, we are sincerely grateful.

The Friendly Hand



Annie Kim, of Korea, and a host of her friends express acknowledgment to over-ocean friends and benefactors.

AMONG the notable gifts received since our last issue was one thousand dollars, a foundation for medical instruction, several for student support and mission aid, and one (five hundred dollars) for a memorial room in the Seminary.

A large annuity came from a couple (in Missouri) both of whom will be favored by a life interest. Six legacies matured, six others being announced.

We acknowledge also, as requested by an unknown friend in Cincinnati, one hundred dollars "in thanksgiving for a great favor received."

DIOCESAN MISSION AID (May 15 to July 1)

Albany— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	\$25.00
Altoona— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	(Masses)
Baltimore— (Through Home and Foreign Mission Soc.)	110.00 (also Masses)
Boston— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	130.95 (also Masses)
Brooklyn— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	3,258.00
Cincinnati— (Through Soc. to Aid the Missions Home and Foreign)	12.50

Detroit— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	1.00
Dubuque— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	2.00
Fort Wayne— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	(Masses)
Harrisburg— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith—Assoc. Holy Childhood—Home and Foreign Missions) ..	5.25
Newark— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	1,015.00 (also Masses)
New York— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	147.00
New York, National Office— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	1,009.80 (also Masses)
Parkersburg— (Through Home and Foreign Mission Soc.)	4.13
Pittsburgh— (Through Catholic Mission Aid Soc.)...	58.30 (also Masses)
Rochester— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	18.56
St. Louis— (Through Home and Foreign Mission Soc.)	100.00 (also Masses)
St. Paul— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	15.00
Toledo— (Through Soc. for Prop. of the Faith)...	16.25

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work—\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incomplete burses and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSES

Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	645.00
Maryknoll Academic Burse.....	301.60
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	210.00

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS

Yeungkong Fund, II.....	\$1,827.65
Fr. Price Memorial Burse.....	668.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Burse.....	367.00

TO AUSTRALIA FOR THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Are you interested? In 1928, would you like also to continue your journey after the Congress and make passing visits to the Philippines and to the coast cities of China, Korea, and Japan?

If this idea does appeal, write for information.

Address: The Field Afar Travel Bureau, Maryknoll, N. Y.

TALK "MARYKNOLL"

BUILDING OUR BURSES

A bursar is a sum of money invested so as to draw a yearly interest which will be applied to the board, housing, and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States or on the missions.

The usual amount subscribed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for a bursar in this country; fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) for a bursar in Eastern Asia (this is for native students).

FOR SEMINARY—\$5,000 EACH

St. Philomena Bursar (Reserved).....	\$4,600.00
College of St. Elizabeth Bursar.....	4,335.00
St. Patrick Bursar.....	4,329.47
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursar.....	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Bursar No. 1 (Reserved).....	\$4,000.00

St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston

Bursar.....	3,940.51
St. Anthony Bursar.....	3,924.13
Cure of Ars Bursar.....	\$3,650.35
St. Michael Bursar No. 2.....	\$3,502.45
College of Mt. St. Vincent's Bursar.....	3,500.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursar.....	3,376.71
St. Anne Bursar.....	3,327.73
Father Chapon Bursar.....	3,085.34
St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Bursar.....	3,024.00
N. M. Bursar.....	3,000.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursar.....	3,000.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Bursar.....	2,975.71
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursar.....	2,761.61
Bishop Molloy Bursar.....	2,351.00
Holy Child Jesus Bursar.....	2,280.85
Marywood College Bursar.....	2,175.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursar.....	2,172.89
Mother Seton Bursar.....	1,993.73
Pius X Bursar.....	1,823.30
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursar.....	1,808.75
St. Dominic Bursar.....	1,759.07
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursar.....	1,610.00

Duluth Diocese Bursar

Fr. Nummy Bursar of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill.....	1,302.55
St. Agnes Bursar.....	1,283.18

Immaculate Conception Patron of America Bursar

Archbishop Ireland Bursar.....	1,192.23
St. John Baptist Bursar.....	1,101.00
St. John Baptist Bursar.....	1,049.11

Manchester Diocese Bursar

St. Francis of Assisi No. 2.....	1,000.00
St. Michael Bursar.....	1,000.00

Our Lady of Lourdes Bursar

Susan Emery Memorial Bursar.....	973.03
St. Boniface Bursar.....	920.87
St. Rita Bursar.....	908.65

St. Francis Xavier Bursar

St. Laurence Bursar.....	747.15
Children of Mary Bursar.....	724.28
St. Bridget Bursar.....	646.25

St. Joan of Arc Bursar

St. Louis Archdiocese Bursar.....	433.50
St. Jude Bursar.....	433.01
Holy Family Bursar.....	430.00

St. John B. de la Salle Bursar

C. C. W. Bursar of the Five Wounds (Reserved).....	374.25
The Holy Name Bursar.....	346.00
St. John Berchmans Bursar.....	267.00

Jesus Christ Crucified Bursar

St. John B. de la Salle Bursar.....	250.00
The Holy Name Bursar.....	206.50
St. John Berchmans Bursar.....	201.00

Newark Diocese Bursar

St. Peter and Paul Bursar.....	165.50
All Saints Bursar.....	157.00
St. Joseph Bursar No. 2.....	150.00

Fray Junipero Serra Memorial Bursar

St. Joseph Bursar No. 2.....	120.00
Fray Junipero Serra Memorial Bursar.....	100.00

FOR COLLEGES—\$5,000 EACH

Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursar (Reserved).....	4,250.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Bursar.....	1,612.80

"C" Bursar II

Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Bursar.....	1,500.00
St. Aloysius Bursar.....	1,000.00

St. Michael Bursar

St. Michael Bursar.....	647.50
Archbishop Hanna Bursar (Los Altos).....	646.32

St. Philomena Bursar

St. Philomena Bursar.....	352.95
St. Margaret Mary Bursar.....	205.00
Immaculate Conception Bursar.....	112.00

Immaculate Conception Bursar

Immaculate Conception Bursar.....	106.00
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†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

BETHANY



REST HOUSE

UNDER direction of the Maryknoll Sisters—Attractive within and without—Fireproof—Quiet—Satisfying table—Nursing care if required.

(One hour from New York City)

Address:

Sister Directress

Bethany House, Maryknoll, N. Y.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

[This membership carries with it privileges that include, among other spiritual advantages, four thousand Masses offered, each year, by Maryknollers, especially for the holders.]

The following Perpetual Memberships were recorded during the past month:

Living: Rev. Friends 9; Sr. M. B.; J. W. C.; T. M. and relatives; M. McG. and relatives; J. P.; E. K. McG.; M. S. McN.; E. McN.; F. F.; M. J. T. and relatives; B. P.; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. C. and family; Mrs. S. H.; S. M.; H. C. M.; M. S.; I. P. and family; M. B.; M. H. C.; S. T. B.; M. C.; T. P.; J. V. B.; Mrs. T. S. and relatives; Mrs. T. J. B.; Mrs. T. G.; S. D.; G. M. F.; J. J. C.; D. McG.; M. E. W.; W. F.; M. M. G.; M. E. D.; E. and F. B. and family; G. M. and family; J. P. and family; J. M.; M. F. S.; M. F. P. and relatives; G. W. and relatives; W. N. and T. N.

Deceased: Rev. John T. Egan; Deceased Members of McCaddin-McQuirk Foundation; Frank Fitzgerald; Mary Lynch; Delia Halpin; William Floom; Mary Kramer; Thomas Clare; Margaret J. McCarthy; Joanna S. Mahoney; Deceased family of E. V. B.; James and Bridget Corcoran; Dennis and Maria Navin; Dennis, Edward, Michael, Patrick, and Thomas Navin; Margaret J. Cavanagh; Elena H. O'Brien; John S. Holloran; Chester Conboy; Robert and Ellen Hindle;

Cornelius and Mary McCarthy; Katherine F. Seibert; John T. Cantlon; Mary Driscoll; Deceased relatives of M. G.; Augusta M. Rieg; Louisa B. Tompkins; Frederick and Alvina Shcuneh; Alice Brophy.

Prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of the late William Edward Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., father of Bishop Walsh, of Kongmoon; also for the late Bishop Anderson, of Boston, and for the following:

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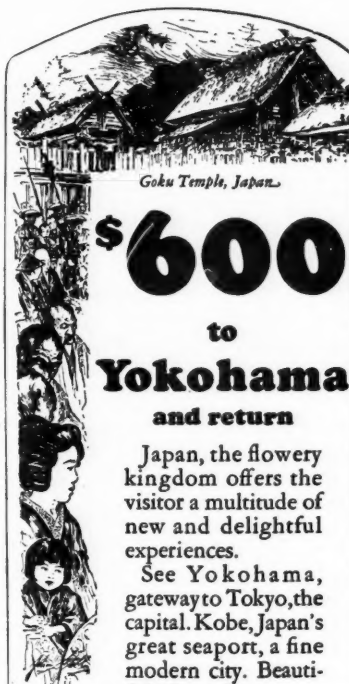
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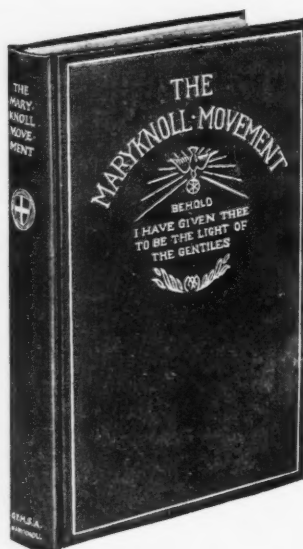
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